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WHEN I WAS AT FARMINGTON

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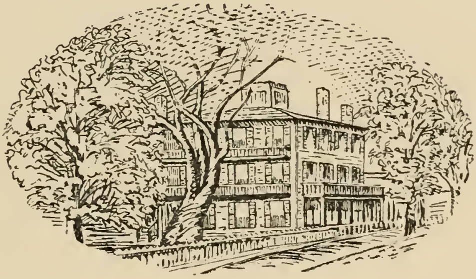
When I Was at Farmington

by

Abby Farwell Ferry



Ralph Fletcher Seymour
Publisher
Fine Arts Building
Chicago

Copyright 1931
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Dedicated to
my granddaughters

MARY SAYLES HILL

PHYLLIS CARTER FERRY

DEBORAH JEANETTE HILL

CAROLYN FARWELL FERRY

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INTRODUCTION

My devotion to our beloved Miss Porter I am demonstrating as best I can by compiling these memories of Farmington days. I am only too well aware that I am unworthy the task: ceaseless work cannot take the place of efficiency; the only thing I can claim is, that I have done as well as I could under the circumstances.

A word about these circumstances will not be amiss, I hope, and will throw about me some feeling of encouragement knowing that you will understand.

This idea was not my own, I must confess but was suggested to me through reading a symposium, of a society, (nameless here) whose members had prepared just such a collection as you have here. I thought, at once, of getting more stories and asked if I could not take this brochure home with me with the idea in view of enlarging it and having it published. This book was typewritten and simply tied with ribbon. Then I knew nothing about Miss Porter's wish.

My friend said I could take the book but not to use the stories without permission of the writers. I promised her this. I wrote at once to see if I could have these articles. The writers were perfectly willing and I then wrote to some of the Farmington girls who had written articles for our Chicago society and to others to write original articles about their lives in Farmington to add to those I already had. Some friend suggested I write a

life of Miss Porter. I did not feel competent to do that, but I wrote to a New England member of the Farmington Lodge Society asking her about my project. She wrote back that it would be impossible to write a life of Miss Porter as she had often expressed a wish not to have her life written nor her letters published. I had already quite a little sum of money contributed towards the expense of writing this. I immediately returned the money explaining the reason. I then wrote to this member asking if it would be permitted to get up a symposium of experiences at the school. This would be all right, I was told, so went ahead. I asked for help in publishing it as the illustrations are so expensive and I did not want to economize on them.

Fifty years or so from this time there will be a desire by some one to know more about Miss Porter. Those who heard her express a wish not to be in the public eye will be gone. Every one will ask why such a wonderful woman has escaped records of any kind. Research will be resorted to. Nothing will be found but stray clippings from newspapers. These bits will be eagerly collected and used in some daily or magazine.

Is it not better to have a collection of reliable stories of Miss Porter's School told by those who knew and loved her than to have her name really desecrated by anybody who seeks material for the curiousity of the public? Even those of the best intentions will be baffled to know where to go for authentic information of Miss Porter and her famous school.

For two years and more I have written hundreds of letters for items, photographs and anything that would be of interest to the reader of this book.

I have had encouragement from Miss Porter's relatives and devoted friends.

I have tried to do the same by the Farmington friends who have sent little bits of memory and their photographs. I have not permitted a picture to be reproduced till I had a written permission from the sender. Several letters have been written for a picture or an article, as many friends of Miss Porter can testify.

When a friend was asked permission to use picture or article, the picture or printed page was sent on for approval to show how it would appear when finished.

Mr. Hewitt, the brother of the late Sarah Hewitt, responded to my request for a picture of his sister at once and secured a new print for use in this book. She was probably as interesting a pupil as Miss Porter ever had and her life of usefulness demonstrated Miss Porter's influence as much if not more than any other disciple of the school.

Naturally I began to feel the apprehension that began filling the atmosphere as to what kind of a book I was writing. Every one was curious to know how much was being revealed of the Farmington life. For this reason I sent article after article to the apprehensive ones to examine and pass upon. I have cut out about half that has been written already and made substitutions.

It has been a source of wonderment what I have had to delete. Some stories of Miss Porter have been told that I never would suppose would cause criticism; but out they came if any one objected to them. When I recall some of the stories that have been told about our distinguished men and women and how they have been loved all the more for the slips they made, I can't help giving a sigh for some of the good stories about Miss

Porter and her school that have had to go to the waste basket.

My attempts to introduce some humour in my stories do not seem to have been universally successful.

I have encouraged inspection of my work under my direction and almost every thing has been more or less deleted. It is hard to please everybody as you all know; but I am determined to do it if it is possible.

I wish to thank all those, who, in any way have helped along this book; to the givers of money many thanks. I must not give their names as I can't give some names I must not give any.

I hope you will enjoy reading all that is between these covers as much as I have enjoyed getting them together and I wish you all the best of everything.

MISS PORTER'S METHOD

"The soft and intricate discourse,
The wit that makes us tolerant perforce,
The mystic legend, and the verse that drops
As snowflakes shower on wintry forest tops.
The questions working wedge-like to the proof,
The threads of prayer from old religion's woof,
The courteous skill of keen rebukes that chide
The learner's folly and the sophist's pride"——

Socrates Method described in poetry—poet unknown.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

SARAH PORTER

"ܠܐ ܬܕܥ ܣܡܠܟ ܡܢܐ ܥܒܕܐ ܝܡܝܢܟ
ܗܘ ܘܐܦ."

"Let not thy left hand know what doeth thy right hand."

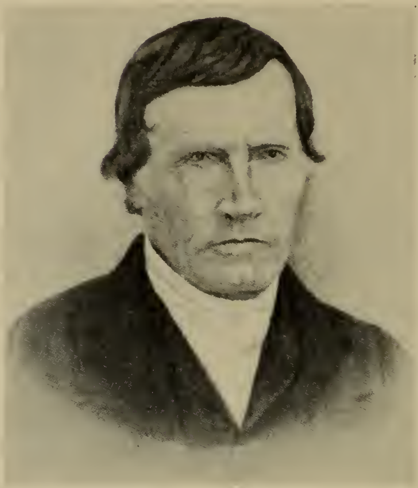
SARAH PORTER

Her Unique Educational Work

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Miss Sarah Porter was one of the few conspicuous builders of character in the contemporary world of education. A keen, incisive English visitor recently said: "How thoroughly you Americans believe in education! We in England do not." If we Americans "believe in education," it is because of teachers like Sarah Porter, who for upward of fifty years sent out into the world generation after generation of women who have proved themselves fit to carry life's heaviest burdens in the spirit of steady, cheerful workers.

The secret of Miss Porter's success was the compulsory force of character. Her Puritan ancestry transmitted to her not only capacity and vigor, but that most precious of human gifts, calmness of spirit. Impatient only of notoriety, she began her life-work among the neighbors who knew and trusted her, and the school grew without observation. For many years she had only fifty pupils, and the numbers were never allowed much to exceed a hundred. She inherited much. Her father was one of the most influential of Connecticut ministers—a man of character almost without a flaw, a model of industry, learning, and godliness. The family of her mother possessed a gaiety of vivacity which the Porter temperament lacked, and Sarah and Noah, more conspicuously than the other children, united the traits of father and mother. The ambitious elder brothers, Samuel and Noah, both graduates of Yale before they were twenty, and the latter afterward



NOAH PORTER
Father of Sarah Porter

president of that institution, felt less responsibility for the other children; but to Sarah, the eldest daughter, came early the habit of thought for others. The help which she gave her mother in caring for the four younger children, and the share which she had in their education, are memories which are preserved only in the intimate records of family history. Her one opportunity of systematic study and instruction away from home was when, at the age of nineteen, she went to New Haven to enter the school of Dr. E. A. Andrews, the lexicographer. She was an inmate of the family of Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich of Yale, and her brother Noah just graduated from college, was master of the Hopkins Grammar School. This year gave her a sense of familiarity with the life of Yale College, and brought the opportunity to know something of the questions which were then occupying thoughtful minds.

NOAH PORTER
Brother of Sarah Porter

She had already taken her own measure, and had recognized in herself that "cheerful hopefulness" of spirit which was one of her conspicuous traits. From this time on she prosecuted her education under her own guidance, but incessantly. In Philadelphia, while teaching for Miss Hawks, she secured a fine teacher of German, and pursued that language with great delight. It was not common in the thirties to find young women who understood Latin, Greek, French, and German as she understood them. Experiences of teaching in Springfield, Massachusetts, Philadelphia, and Buffalo gave her, while still young, what was at that time an extended

knowledge of the world, and took her out of New England; but so strong were her local attachments that she was never entirely happy away from home.

The beginning of the school at Farmington, in 1844, has often been described. Miss Porter used to tell how, one afternoon, as they were driving out from Hartford to Farmington, her father suggested to her the idea that, in addition to teaching a few village girls, she should take others from without and live with them in rented rooms. The care of young people from outside Farmington seemed nothing strange, for that had been the custom of her father's house, where boys attending Farmington Academy had often been taken to lodge and board as a help in defraying the expense of sending the three sons to college. The influence of Miss Porter's family, and the appreciation of her powers by all who knew her, at once gave her a handful of eager and able pupils, and the results of her intimate contact with them were immediately remarked.

Carlyle speaks in one of his essays of the folly of the man who complains because he must begin his work in a small field. No such complaint ever occurred to Miss Porter. With half a dozen boarders she initiated many practices which have been characteristic of the later school in all its history. Not the least potent force was her own example of unremitting study. How much she studied her pupils never knew, but they were never aware of her being in bed, and astonishing reports grew up as to the little sleep she required. From the first, the afternoon walks in pleasant Farmington were a regular practice of the school, and in the evening came the delightful hour when Miss Porter, seated among her pupils, whose hands were occupied with sewing or fancy

work, read to them English fiction or poetry. A favorite drive, taken at least once every summer, was the beautiful excursion to Wadsworth's Tower, at the north end of Talcott Mountain. When the number of girls grew so large that a carry-all was necessary to convey them, it is remembered that Miss Porter led the way riding on horseback.

The maintenance of close relations with the minds and souls of the girls, so conspicuous a characteristic at the outset, never ceased. This personal touch was the one essential which Miss Porter could not conceive of as a thing to be omitted. As the numbers increased her personality, expanding, as it were, still pervaded the whole, until to her loving and admiring pupils it seemed to fill the world. One wrote her some years since from Spain, "You are the most pervasive woman that I ever knew."

Wherein was she so different from other women? Why did she make such an impress upon others' character? Her fundamental traits were love of study, love of her fellowmen, love of nature, pleasure in communicating, unremitting industry, unselfishness, soundness of judgment, cheerfulness, force of will, deep, unaffected piety. Her daily and hourly occupation with some useful work powerfully inculcated unselfishness and industry. It was as natural for her to give as for a fountain to pour forth its water, or the sun its light.

Her activity seemed, moreover, to be wholly without friction. She was rarely hurried or worried. She could lay down an intricate or abstract book to meet some trifling demand, and return at once to the work. She was remarkable, too, for never indulging in regrets. The consequence was that she used her whole strength for the business in hand, whatever this was. She was habitually

prompt in decision, and immediate in execution. She had a wonderful physical constitution, one hardly less remarkable than Gladstone's. This made such continuous and intense effort possible to her as only two or three in a generation can undertake.

Miss Porter's deep distrust of mechanism and fixed organization in matters educational, which are so much talked of in our day, came from her conviction that these things tend to be regarded as in some sort a substitute for the essential—the contact of mental and spiritual life in the teacher with the answering love and spiritual life in the pupil. She entertained many visitors, who sought to find, if possible, what was the secret of the success of her school. All who came animated by a spirit like her own were received with the greatest kindness, and many customs and practices which she had found useful were practised elsewhere. Thus the "Farmington type" was reproduced, consciously or unconsciously, in many places.

It was not, and is not, possible to examine, analyze, and report on Miss Porter's method. As, with indignant resentment she guarded her own privacy at any cost, so, likewise, an investigating and critical visitor would probably have had little success in reaching the penetralia of her school. On the other hand, as all may see, there is about it no ostentation of aloofness. The schoolhouse and homelike dwellings stand open on the beautiful, broad village street and the movements of the young people bear no evidence of restraint. It is at once recognized that the first consideration is respect for the individuality of each pupil. What each needs is carefully considered and as carefully furnished by the best teachers, for the ample resources of the school have been conscientiously

poured back into its own lap. Within its walls there is an absolute equality of simple living. The main school-building was once an inn on the post-road from New York to Boston; the other residential buildings are substantial old-fashioned homes of a previous generation. The rooms are furnished by the school, and their outfit is conspicuously plain. This is indicative of a life compelled to simplicity, but not to narrowness. There are no glaring distinctions in lodging, furniture, and dress, and no social ranks except such as arise from fidelity and capacity.

Since there are few large classes, but numerous small ones to which the girls are assigned according to their ability and needs, the staff of teachers is necessarily large. In this way the interest of each girl is concentrated on a few studies, never more than three at a time, and the topics are adapted to the powers of the pupil, which may develop rapidly or slowly according to industry and capacity. This double idea of adaptation and concentration has been successfully followed only by unremitting care and attention from the head of the school. But, above all, Miss Porter's aim was conscientious earnestness in work for work's sake, and her frequent talks with the whole school inculcated this with effective iteration. Learning, not as an accomplishment, but as discipline, nay, more, as self-discipline, was her goal. Her daily walk of cheerful dignity, her habits of regular attention to duty, her serenity in hours of strain, her presence as a constant factor of life in the school, were one and all characteristic of the self-contained gentlewoman, and the main source of her power. Miss Porter was young at eighty-six because she had continuous touch with youth.

MISS PORTER'S EARLY HOME

Never exuberant, her powers of enjoyment were undiminished to the last.

This was due, as she recognized, to gifts which were hers without any merit of her own, but did not diminish in her keeping. Herself of the fifth generation on the soil, her stock was one of fearless reformers and ardent workers in great movements. The ancestral house in which she died saw the inauguration, with her father's cooperation, of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The world, as she knew it, was full of great concern—the anti-slavery movement; the great inventions based on steam and electricity; the expansion of the educational systems of a great country; the throes of a nation called to laborious tasks it had not desired. Her temperament was ardent, her industry untiring, and her discernment keen.

That a personal existence like this should devote itself to forming character in the young was inevitable. The danger was over-stimulation. But the Puritan has always resembled the Greek in one respect—the apprehension of proportion, the consciousness that the real must correct the ideal. Hence the nature of Miss Porter's studies, for she had the instinct of the scholar. She knew Aeschylus, Plato, and Dante in the originals, and she was interested in how far the eternal verities could be examined by the human reason. The lesson she most thoroughly inculcated by her influence was moderation; a few studies at a time, each task well learned, and all combined into a whole, complete as far as it went; pleasure sufficient for intellectual and moral recuperation; work as a vocation, and not incidental to life; piety within the bounds of personal responsibility.

WARD HOUSE

One more element of a strong personality may be added, that of charm. This was independent of what are ordinarily thought of as personal attractions. Her charm was due to the qualities of mind and soul which shone through the physical habitation which they occupied. One recalls the force and propriety of her language, her quiet dignity of manner and gesture, the freshness and range of her thought. What were the affection and devotion which she received from women it is superfluous to remark upon; an important testimony to her powers of personal attraction is found in the many enduring friendships with a long list of men of the highest eminence—the parents of her pupils. These friendships were a source of great delight to Miss Porter.

The analysis of greatness generally discovers the secret to lie in the embodiment of type. This was true of Miss Porter. She had the wholesome New England view of woman's power and sphere; she had a reverence for the individual soul with a destiny to be determined by itself; she typified the best social life of her time and place. Her view, therefore, of the teacher's function was that it was essentially tutelary; her researches were made on the minds of her pupils to find and supply the particular need of each. Every girl knew that her personal advantage was Miss Porter's aim. The chosen course might appear inexplicable at first, but its pursuit with concentration regularity, and judgment soon showed its adaptability to the end, or exhibited as mandatory the modification for further advance which had been expected. Herein lies the whole philosophy of secondary education. It was so naturally, concretely, and simply worked out by Miss Porter that many thought her conduct instinctive. Far otherwise. She studied, reasoned, acted. And what she

did was directed to the welfare of a real being, not of classified abstractions. Herself throbbing with life, she evoked vitality in others, and no detail of her work was trivial in her plan.

> So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

GIRLS OF THE '50S

MRS. T. B. BLACKSTONE
(Isabella Norton)

MRS. T. B. BLACKSTONE

(Isabella Norton)

Mrs. Blackstone passed away this year in Chicago. She was one of the Grande Dames of our Chicago society. She lived for many years on the corner of Hubbard Court (now 7th Street) and Michigan Avenue, in a house built by Mr. Willard in the sixties. It was a very elegant looking home, with large lawn space in front and sides, and flower beds. It was rented before Mrs. Blackstone bought it by the brother-in-law of John V. Farwell, S. N. Kellogg, who lived there a year or more.

The old house became historical through the ownership of the Blackstones, and at last was sold and torn down to make way for the Blackstone Hotel, named after the former owners.

Mrs. Blackstone dispensed hospitality in a regal manner many years, being one of Chicago's prominent social leaders, and every kind of social function has been held in her home,—balls, evening receptions, luncheons, dinner parties, and charitable bazaars.

Mrs. Blackstone was our most distinguished member of the Farmington Society of Chicago. At her home was always held the holiday meeting of the Farmington Society, and there was always something choice in the way of entertainment. The perfect service and appointment of her home was a delight; George, her butler was a character,—always remembered us all by name and waited on his mistress as though she were a queen. The holiday meetings at Mrs. Blackstone's have been a fea-

ture of our Society for many years, the meetings occurring between Christmas and New Year's. Sometimes bazaars have been held at this time, or sales, a large portion of our treasury having been supplied through the proceeds of those affairs at Mrs. Blackstone's.

FARMINGTON DAYS

Mary Brown

By Miss Tyler (her daughter)

When my mother, Mary Catherine Brown, went to Farmington, in 1854, she was the first girl from Chicago to go, little dreaming of the many who later would follow the same path to learn to love it as she did.

There was not much love for it in the beginning, for she was only thirteen years old, a fragile child who had been in delicate health since her birth, not walking until she was three years old; yet, when the question of a finishing school arose there was but one choice with her parents, Miss Sarah Porter's, in Farmington, Connecticut.

My grandfather's first home was built in 1836, in the half square facing south, toward the river, on Illinois Street, from Rush Street to Pine, now North Michigan Avenue.

It was a frame house, white with green shutters, fan light over the front door and long side lights, a replica of the remembered homes of New England; the door a twin to one in classic Old Deerfield today.

Here my mother was born, October 25th, 1841.

There were gardens and grape arbors, stables, a smoke house and ice house, a grassed-over mound thrilling to slide down, even if disastrous to immaculate pantelets.

Inside was carved mahogany furniture and gold framed mirrors, high black marble mantles, and delicious pale green hangings of English glazed chintz, still

MRS. TYLER
(Mary Brown)

extant, eloquent proofs of comfort in a so-called pioneering day. Things, like their owners, came from "the east."

The three-day journey from Chicago to Farmington was considered too great a tax on her strength for my mother to come home for vacations, even with the stop-overs at night, so she stayed east the entire three years, and her parents went on to visit her, taking her to "resorts" such as Saratoga and the White Mountains, or to the popular "water-cures" at Watkins Glen, Elmira, or Clifton Springs, where one lay in mud baths or strange smelling mineral waters by day, and had romantic or gay times in the evenings.

Poetry games were the fashion, and many were the effusions inspired by "The russet crown of our little friend, Miss Brown."

They also went "cousining," as my grandmother facetiously called it; they wanted her to know the eastern relatives, and many delightful memories flowered from these visits.

Mrs. Blackstone (Isabel Norton) often has told of how the girls wondered how Carrie Brown ever learned her music lessons, for the pictures of all her family would be ranged along the music rack, and she would practice with the tears pouring from her eyes.

She had never liked her names of Mary or Catherine, (being "Pussy" or "Mollie" to her brothers at home), and told the girls her name was "M. Carrie," so she was "Carrie" during those three years, as her little autograph album testifies.

It is on the fly-leaf in a Greek transcription, and many of the affectionate greetings are from teachers who loved the courageous little girl.

Other names that became of interest in later years are:
*W. H. Seward (her mother's cousin . . . and later known as "The man who bought Alaska," after just missing being President.)

And this gem, from one whose name was a household word in Chicago for years, for originality and initiative:

"With this poor pen
I'll not offend;
But pray your grace,
In this small space
For a short name
Unknown to fame.
J. Young Scammon.

March 9, 1861.

Ch. Klauser.

St. Petersburg, Russia. (teacher of music at Farmington.)

Farmington, April, 1856.

*Carolina Klauser.

(Mrs. Klauser; and both most kind to my mother.)

Gottleiben.

April, 1856.

Minna L. Rhodes.

New York.

(roommate of my mother, and later Mrs. Theodore Thomas.)

Another Chicago and Farmington friend was *Sarah Farnum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Farnum, old friends of my grandparents, and who travelled with them in Europe in 1866 and '67. Miss Farnum married Mr. Eli Whitney, Jr. and lived in New Haven, where

*Album No. 36.
*Album No. 59.
*Last picture of album.

several of her brothers were Professors at Yale University.

When Carrie Brown arrived at Farmington she was given her study room with the French teacher, instead of with another girl, and so began early her love for the French language and people, which never left her. "I am sure," she used to say, "that French is the language of Heaven!"

Her lovableness and spirited courage endeared her to everyone who came in contact with her, and were characteristic all her life.

No matter how ill she was, she was sure of being better tomorrow, and her gentle vivacity was quenchless, rising above trials of all sorts, as I have been told by friends of her girlhood, older friends who had known her fragile babyhood, and my own knowledge through many precious years.

Once she was sent to bed without her supper for the heinous crime of having waved goodby to a young man caller from her window.

Only brothers and cousins might call on the girls, except by special permission, so "cousins" often came over from Yale, and this day an old friend from home, Harry Quick came to see her. As he drove away she waved to him, . . . but whether it was that unladylike gesture, or a suspicion in Miss Porter's mind as to the relationship is not clear.

But the punishment was, supperless to bed, . . . and my mother often wondered if she knew of the kind maid who came up after supper with a little tray of her favorite goodies, mysteriously slipping in and out.

That this maid's devotion was sincere was proved over

twenty years later, when she knew my mother's voice without seeing her.

One summer when I was a child we went east, and to Farmington, arriving in the evening. My mother could not wait till morning, but drove to Miss Porter's home. It was very dark, and she asked a woman standing at the gate if this was where Miss Porter lived; she said it was, and went ahead to the house asking us to wait in a reception room. Afterward Miss Porter told us the maid had said to her, "Carrie Brown is here to see you," knowing the voice after twenty years, but not the married name. She said that when she heard the voice the years seemed to roll back and she remembered all about her, even her name.

It was the only time that I ever saw Miss Porter, and I was much impressed by her dignity and gracious sincerity, and her cordial interest in my mother, and in me, her daughter.

She was much pleased to know that my mother had kept up her music, and was, in fact, a teacher of vocal culture, both in Chicago and at Rockford Seminary.

She would not let us return to the Hotel, but insisted that we stay with her, so for a few days my mother lived again under the old roof-tree and I was almost a real Farmington girl. I explored the garden with its trees and shrubs, and the house, whose different floor levels intrigued me, while Miss Porter and "Carrie Brown" brought history down to date.

The annual Musical Festival at Farmington was a great event, long planned for by the Music Director, Mr. Klauser, (from St. Petersburg, Russia) who secured the best talent obtainable for the occasion, so no wonder my

mother was thrilled to the soul to be chosen to mark time, turn pages, and even accompany, during rehearsals.

These musicians were young men of promise who became famous in later years, splendidly justifying Mr. Klauser's judgment of them; among them Mosenthal, Bergmann, William (and Lowell?) Mason, George F. Root, and the brilliant young violinist, Theodore Thomas.

Really exceptional programs were given, but the girls were most thrilled by the romantic young performers. My mother's enthusiasm was for Thomas, afterward Chicago's idol, and her allowance went in bouquets for him, but all in vain, for he had eyes only for her roommate, Minna Rhodes, the shy little German girl who later became his wife.

Another of these young musicians who became a much beloved resident of Chicago was George F. Root, a composer of songs, "Rosalie, The Prairie Flower," "There's Music In The Air," "By The Brooklet Clear," "Shining Shore," and a number of charming cantatas, among them "The Flower Queen," and "The Haymakers," which he conducted twenty times in one year in Boston and near by cities.

MRS. HORATIO KING

(ESTHER HOWARD)

In a letter, dated January 13, 1931, Mrs. King writes:

"Did I tell you in my last that I saw the courtship of Theodore Thomas and his first wife (Minna Rhodes)? She was my teacher and was very partial to me. My father and uncle were philharmonic directors, and afterwards my husband had much to do with Thomas, only resigning when Mr. Thomas went west. In Farmington days he visited Mr. Klauser, our music teacher, for six weeks, laying seige to Minna's heart. They have had nine children, eight girls and one boy, and have lost all but five girls,—all married and lovely,—and they have sixteen grandchildren. A very happy family circle.

I have a notice for a Farmington Lodge meeting at Miss Wickham's on the 30th.

I left Farmington at Christmas, 1865; was twenty the following September; married in June, 1866, before I was twenty-one; visited Miss Porter and took tea there that fall. You probably were there then. I went to the Reunion in 1877-88. Were you there? About three hundred attended. I certainly hope to go to the Centennial.

GIRLS OF THE '60S

ABBY FARWELL'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

ABBY FARWELL'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

This album is an exact copy of the original, except that the names are in alphabetical order and are typed. The names of all the girls who were my contempories are not there, as I may have missed some in getting my collection of autographs. The phrases and words accompanying the names are memories of various happenings and incidents in our school days that call for special remembrances. Some of the allusions are probably now forgotten, but they serve to illustrate what little things go to make for happiness in our lives, during the impressionable age.

The Farmington Hand

The reproduction of autographs are those illustrating "The Farmington Hand" in the '60's. It was endorsed by Miss Porter as having principally the desirable quality of legibility and so became known as "The Farmington Hand."

This handwriting was considered very elegant and those who succeeded in it were the envy of the others.

Some of the best types of this hand are reproduced. The two last were on the same page so had to be placed at the end as they could not very well be introduced alphabetically.

Louise M. Alling, Birmingham, Conn.
1867—Farmington—March 4th.

Lulu L. Barney, Irvington, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn. April 6th.
"Molasses Candy"

Mrs. Harry L. Beach, Hartford, Conn.
1867—Farmington—August
"A line is enough for memory"

Jenny Holbrook Beach, (Mrs. J. B. Gasper) 30 W. 53rd St., New York.
1866—Farmington

May W. Beadle, Philadelphia, Penna.
1867—Farmington—March 4th.

Annie Belcher, Rock Lawn, New York.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.
"Sobriety Hall"

Nellie J Benedict
Waterbury
Conn

Adversary.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot"

Charlotte B. Benedict, (Mrs. Gilman Hill),
Waterbury, Conn.
1868—Farmington—February 5th.
"William Tell"
"It is sweet to be with those with whom you love
to be with" "Benny"
Grove Hall—April 3, 1871.
Annie C. Berry, Hackensack, New Jersey.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—Feb. 26th.
C. Berry—(Teacher)
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 20th.
Avis H. Blodgett, Waukegan, Illinois.
1870—Farmington—Aug. 27th. Mrs. Norton's
Grace A. Bowen, Brooklyn, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.
Etta Brandes, Erie, Penna.
1867—Farmington—April 11th.
Elsie C. Briggs, Mott Haven, N. Y.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.
"Glenbrooke"
Sarah G. Brown, Irvington, New York.
1867—Farmington—February 26th.
F. Virginia Bulkley, (Mrs. John Perry),
Southport, Conn.
1867—Farmington—July 20th.
"Don't forget analyzing the papers." "Botany."
Emma M. Bulkley, New York City.
1867—Farmington—July 20th.
"Colony"
Bessie C. Chapin, (Mrs. Henry Dwight Porter), Beloit,
Wisconsin.
1867—Farmington—July 20th.
"Colony" (Missionary to China.)

Emma F. Chapin, Springfield, Mass.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.

Anna Charpentier, (French Teacher)
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.

Mary W. Cheesman, Birmingham, Conn.
1867—Farmington—March 4th.

Mattie G. B. Clapp, Pittsfield, Mass.
1867—"Hammonassett"—August 3.

Alice B. Clemens, St. Louis, Mo.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.

Lucy G. Collamer, Woodstock, Vermont.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.

Louise A. Cook, Albany, N. Y.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.

Ella E. Cowles, Farmington, Conn.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.

Caroline L. Crane, Dalton, Mass.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—March 21st.
Roomed with Nellie Kittredge and Laura Field.

Mary Daggett, New Haven, Conn.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.
"Ioodle, Ioodle, Ioo."

Mary I. Danforth, New York City.
1867—Farmington—Feb. 26th.

Phebe C. Doremus, Jersey City, N. J.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th
"Reverie"—"Sobriety Hall"

Clara H. Dunham, New York City.
1867—Farmington—March 12th.

Alice Eldridge, Norfolk, Conn.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.
"Sitting by each other at table summer term of '67."
"French"

Mary Ella Fitch, Syracuse, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—April 6th.
Miss Porter used to walk up and down the hall with her when she had severe headaches in the night.

Etta Fondey, Albany, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.

Phebe F. Gilbert, Ware, Mass.
1868—Farmington—May 5th.

Mary C. Gray, (Mrs. W. H. Bradley), Springfield, Mass.
1867—Farmington.

Emma Halsey, (Mrs. Miller), Ithaca, N. Y.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.

Isabelle F. Hapgood, Worcester, Mass.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—March 21st.
"Farwy"

Nannie P. C. Harding, Pittsfield, Mass.
1867—"Hammonassett House," Madison, Conn., Aug. 3.
"No more sea shore."

Wm. G. Harding, Pittsfield, Mass.
"Only two games of Croquet."

Anna Howell, Sag Harbor, Conn., Long Island.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.

Mary Keep, (Miss Porter's Niece), Hartford, Conn.
1868—Farmington—April 8th.
"Colony."

Isabel Hill
Washington
D.C.
Farmington March 21st. 1868.

Fanny E. Kent, (Mrs. Sanger), Bay Ridge, Long Island.
1867—Farmington—April 16th.
(One of Miss Porter's favorites).

Nellie I. Kittredge, Hinsdale, Mass.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—March 21st.
(Roommate of Laura Field and Caroline Crane)

Mary W. Laurie, Boston, Mass.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.

Mallie E. Livingston, (Mrs. Sheldon Sturges),
New York City.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.
"Don't forget the ink stain."

Kate L. Maltby, (Mrs. Darwin Meserole),
Waterbury, Conn.—1867.
"Whose turtle doven?"

Belle Marvin, Jamestown, New York.
1867—Farmington—April 16th.
"Wayside Inn"

Hattie F. Marvin, Skaneateles, New York.
1867—Farmington—July 20th.
"Wayside Inn"

Maggie F. Merriman, Waterbury, Conn.
1868—Farmington—February 5th.

Jessie Monteath, Albany, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—April 6th.
"Jovial Hollow"

Nellie McClure, New York City.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.

Amelie Nicole (French Teacher)
1868—Farmington.

Sarah E. Parsons, St. Louis, Mo.
1867—Farmington—July 23rd.
(Joined Farmington church when Abby Farwell did).

Ella J. Platt, Scranton, Penna.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—March 21st.

E. K. Poag, Bay Ridge, Long Island.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.

Mattie P. Porter, (Mrs. John Hopkins),
Rochester, N. Y.
1868—Farmington—Feb. 10th.
"Wayside Inn"

Carrie E. Pratt, Sherburne, New York.
1868—Farmington—April 7th.
"Colony"

Cora L. R. Pritchard, Waterbury, Conn.
1867—Farmington—July 13th.

No. 15 Second Hall. "Abby *don't* look at the moon over your left shoulder *another* month. Ill luck will surely follow you and *perhaps ink* too. 'Cora, what dress shall I take?' 'The evening of the 3rd of July.' 'Time.' 'Cora has a ———.' 'Claret, Punch.' 'Heller's Tarantelle, Trinity Chimes, Gottschalk's Serenade.' 'Oh! Abby! Oh! You great, black, wet dog, go away."

Mary L. Raymond, Cleveland, Ohio.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.
"Cozy Nook"

Abby W. Redfield, Pittsfield, Mass.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.
(Daughter of Secretary Redfield)

Mary W. Redfield, Pittsfield, Mass.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.
(Daughter of Secretary Redfield)

Nellie C. Rumsey, Buffalo, New York.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—April 6th.
"Waiting"

Lizzie Russell, Brooklyn, Long Island.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.

Annie L. Smith, New Britain, Conn.
1868—Farmington—Feb. 10th.
(Married 1871 to Captain Chamberlain)

Kittie M. Smith, St. Albans, Vermont.
1868—Farmington—March 21st.

Sophie T. Smith, Unionville, Conn.
1867—Farmington—July 13th.

Kate Y. Stevens, (Mrs. Martin B. Hughes), Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
1867—Farmington—July 22nd.
"Cozy Nook"

Emma Strong, Rochester, New York.
1867—Farmington—April 16th.

Julia D. Talcott, Jersey City, New Jersey.
1867—Farmington—Saturday, July 13th.

Kate Thompson, Highland Place, Springfield, Mass.
1867—Farmington—July 13th.

Mary O. Thompson, New York City.
1867—Farmington—July 13th.
(A daughter of the well-known divine Dr. Thompson. Married Jan. 1870, Mr. Hunt)

Sarah M. Torrey, A Citizen of these United States.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—April 6th.
"Colony"
(Daughter of Dr. Torrey, Moody Church.)

Amelia Tyler, (Teacher)
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 22nd.

Florence Van Benthuysen, Albany, New York.
1867—Farmington—July 13th.
"Jovial Hollow"

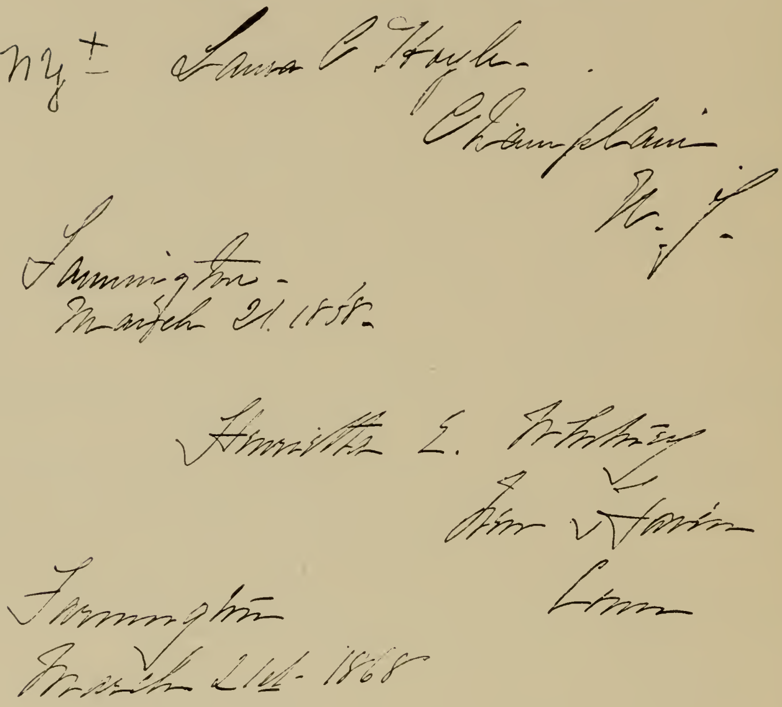
Carrie J. Whiton, Piermont, New York.
1868—Farmington, Conn.—Feb. 5th.

Charlotte A. Willard, (Latin Teacher)
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 20th.

Gertrude T. B. Wood, Grand Rapids, Mich.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.

Rose Standish Wright, Chicago, Illinois.
1867—Farmington—Feb. 26th.

Octavia A. Yale, New York City.
1867—Farmington, Conn.—July 13th.



THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM OF ABBY FARWELL

This Album, a replica of my own which I had at Farmington is a fair sample of the girl's albums in the '60's. Besides having the girl friends and Farmington schoolmates it holds family pictures and the usual quota of celebrities which found their way into the albums of the day. The much beloved and admired heroine of Longfellow's Arcadia, "Evangeline," was in every album, I can safely say. The photographs of the famous copies of the old masters added a note of culture.

Some pictures of girls of a later period were sent to me, which I slipped into vacant spaces, as also pictures of interesting buildings and scenes.

The pictures are numbered and can be referred to by number.

In consulting this and the autographic album I have calculated the number of girls at this time from the different states as follows:

1867	
New York	30
Connecticut	16
Massachusetts	10
New Jersey	2
Vermont	2
Pennsylvania	3
Wisconsin	1
Missouri	1
Ohio	1
Michigan	1
Illinois	2
	—
	69

Allowing for about 11 girls who were not in either album it brings the total up to 80 girls, which was the usual number at Miss Porter's at that period; it did not vary much at any time from this number.

1

Window in Reception Room of Miss Porter's School on the left as you enter. Drawn in pencil by Mary Keep, Miss Porter's niece.

2

LIZZIE ROBINSON
Hartford Conn. 1867

3

MARY RAYMOND
Cleveland Ohio 1866

4

MAMIE GRAY
Mrs. W. H. Bradley
Springfield Mass 1866

5

LILY WARD
Boston Mass 1866

6

Summer House in the grounds of the School

7

MARY DAGGETT
Dau. Dr. Daggett, Pres. Yale College
New Haven Conn. 1866

8

MATTIE PORTER
(Mrs. Hopkins)
Rochester New York 1866

9

FAY CALHOUN
Mrs. Henry Mason
Chicago, Ill. 1868

10

ISABELLE CORWITH
Mrs. Ambrose Cramer
Chicago, Ill. 1876

11

ELIZA DENNIS
Mrs. J. Christy Bell
Newark, N.J. 1877

12

KATE STEVENS 1867
Mrs. Martin Hughes, New York
Captain of the First
Base Ball Nine

13

LUCY KELLOGG
Mrs. English
Waterbury, Conn. 1868

14

SARAH KELLOGG
Waterbury, Conn. 1867

15

MRS. CHARLES BENEDICT
Mother of Amelia, Charlotte &
Nellie. Waterbury, Conn. 1867

16

AMELIA BENEDICT
Waterbury, Conn. 1868

17

1868 NELLIE BENEDICT
Mrs. Rodman
Waterbury Conn.

18

1867 KATE MALTBY
Mrs. Meserole
Not a Farmington girl, but a friend of Farmington girls

19

1867 CHARLOTTE BENEDICT
Mrs. Gilman Hill
Waterbury Conn.

20

The Spirit of '76
Group of Waterbury girls in play.
Maggie Merriman & Cora Pritchard
Mark Sperry with baby.

21

1867 MATTIE MOORE
Brooklyn N.Y

22

1867 PHOEBE DOREMUS
Jersey City N.Y.

23

Mr. GEORGE DRIGGS
Waterbury Conn.

24

1867 ETTA BRANDEIS
Erie Penn.

25

MALLIE LIVINGSTON
1867, Chicago Ill.

26

1867 LOUISE COOK
Albany N.Y.

27

1867 CORNELIA RUMSEY
Mrs. Ansley Wilcox
Buffalo N.Y.

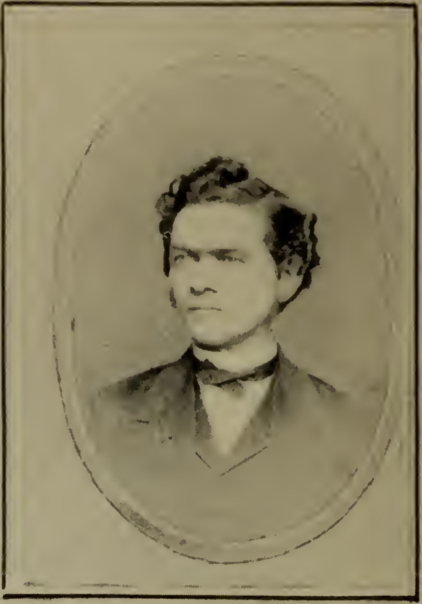
28

Mary Redfield; Emma Strong; Abby Redfield; Jessie Montieth; Annie Johnson; Mary Lawrie; Lily Ward

29

JENNY H. BEACH
1867 New York

30



JOHN V. FARWELL
Father of Abby and
Fanny Farwell

31

1867 ABBY FARWELL
Age 16 on arrival at
Farmington

32

1867 ALICE ELDRIDGE
Mrs. Bridgman
Norfolk Conn.

33

ROSE STANDISH WRIGHT
1867 Mrs. Rogers

34

MISS BRANDEGEE
Singing Teacher

35

OCTAVIA YALE
1867

36

1867 CORA PRITCHARD
Waterbury Conn.

37

1867 HELEN KITTREDGE
Mrs. Zenas Crane
Dalton Mass.

38

1867 CARRIE CRANE
Dalton Mass.

39

1867 LAURA FIELD
Mrs. Henry Dibblee
Chicago

40

1868 EVA BUCKINGHAM
Brooklyn N.Y.

41

1867 ABBY REDFIELD

42

PLINY'S DOVES

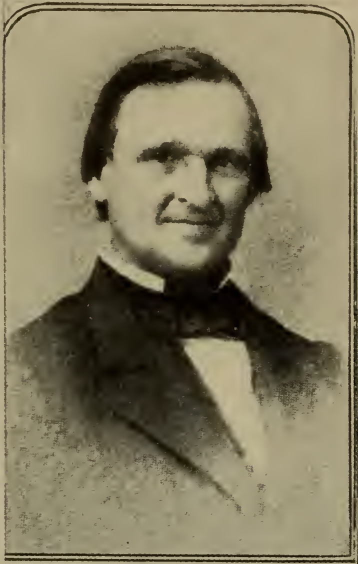
43

1867 ANNIE L. SMITH
New Brittan Conn.

44

MELLIE BARLING
Nassau Bahama I.

45



DR. R.W. PATTERSON
Pastor 1st Presby. Church
Chicago

46

CONGREGATIONAL
Church, Farmington

47

SOPHIA WILLIAMS
Clinton N.Y.

48

Rome N.Y.

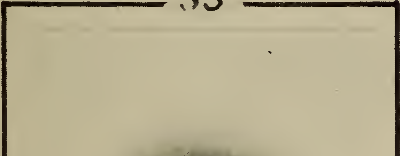
53

1870 ALICE HOLMES

54

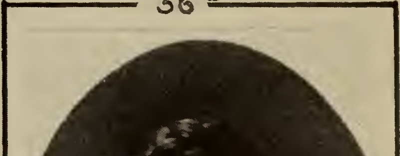
1870 DARLENE STEVENS
Mrs. Austin B. Reeve
Chicago

55



OLGA KLAUSER
Farmington Conn.

56



LINA KLAUSER

49

KATE STANLEY
New Brittan Conn.

50

LONGFELLOW'S
Evangeline

51

HON. CHAS. B. FARWELL
Father of
Grace Farwell McGann

52

1867 BELLE BARNEY
Irvington N. Y.

57

HON. W. H. BROWN
Father of Carrie Brown

58

MRS. W. H. BROWN

59

SECRETARY SEWARD
Lincoln's Cabinet
Cousin of Mrs. Brown

60

THE PIONEER First engine used by Galena & Chicago R.R. Carrie Brown rode in cab when seven years old

61

HENRIETTA E. WHITNEY

62

LUCY BLAIR
Mrs. Howard Linn
Chicago

63

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS
as Mary Queen of Scotts

64

MADONNA ADDOLORATA
Carlo Dolce

GIRLS OF THE '60s

MRS. HENRY DIBBLEE
(Laura Field)

LAURA FIELD

Laura Field was selected as foremost of the girls of the sixties because she was an ideal character. She possessed an innate refinement that was always felt in her presence and that baffles description. It was a family trait as one would observe if brought in contact with any of her near relatives. She had a sweet disposition and was a very popular girl. She roomed in the corner room on the third floor at the left as you look at the front of the school from the outside. There were three girls in this room,—Laura Field, Carrie Crane, and Nellie Kittredge. All fine girls. Nellie afterwards married Mr. Zenos Crane, Carrie's brother.

Laura Field came to Farmington from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the family lived at that time. Her distinguished brother, Marshall, went from a little store in Pittsfield to begin his wonderful career, as a youth of nineteen, in the Wholesale Dry Goods Store of J. V. Farwell and Company, of which he became a partner and later began the establishment of the most magnificent retail dry goods store in the world.

Most of us look back with pleasant remembrances to the wedding of Miss Laura Field and Mr. Henry Dibblee, which Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field gave in their beautiful, palatial residence on Prairie Avenue, Chicago. Mrs. Dibblee was indispensable to Chicago society up to the time of her death. She was always of a conciliatory nature, and things went smoothly whenever she had anything to do with them. Like all Farmington girls, she was unostentatious, unassuming and always to be depended upon; never a word against anyone, and, on the contrary, had something pleasant to say at all times.

LUCY CLARK

(Frau Schnaubel)

Her Story

It has been a pleasure to me to write this little account of my days in Farmington. If they can be used in the book Mrs. Ferry has in hand, I shall be glad, very truly yours, Lucy Schnabel.

From September 1861 to September 1863 I was one of Miss Porter's girls. My home was in San Francisco, California, and I was the first of a whole line of girls to come from so far. My father was born in Farmington and from childhood acquainted with the Porter family. He went to school with Miss Porter and to Yale with President Porter; so, although, in those days, it was an ocean journey of three weeks, he sent me to Farmington. I was especially in Miss Porter's care. I shall never forget how anxious she was and how she cared for me during an attack of diptheria. Most of the vacations I spent with relatives but one winter Miss Porter took me with her to New York, and gave me a most delightful time.

Once I fell into deep disgrace. I had beautimul hair which I wore in long curls. They were a bother to arrange in the morning, so, one time, being invited to ride over to New Britain with uncle John Cowles, I went to a barber and had my curls all cut off. Such a scolding as I got from Miss Porter; she was very angry and it was some time before she forgave me.

We were a small family, in those days, not more than thirty girls; but a great deal was done for our pleasure. William Mason, a pianist and Theodore Thomas, vio-

linist gave us wonderful concerts. Thomas fell in love with one of our teachers, Minna Rhodes and to watch the course of that love affair was "nuts to us girls." Often we heard the strains of a Schumann air with the words Thomas had put to it, "Words can never never tell. How I love thee, how I love thee." How we girls ever discovered that is beyond me.

In those days all was much simpler; we were not allowed any extravagance in dressing and such a thing as keeping one's own riding horse was unknown. We were permitted to ride with uncle John Cowles, but he provided the nag. Of course we went regularly to church, and were expected to give Miss Porter a resumé of the sermon, which was not easy. I could go on and tell much more of dear Mrs. Richards and of my adored Miss Melanie and of gay gossipy Mme Charpentier. I owed much, in after life, to the way she grounded me in the French verbs; Miss Porter herself did the same for me in German, which was wonderful preparing for the fifty years of my life that I have lived abroad.

I have known very little of my school mates of that time, for which I have always been sorry, but of the generation that came after me I know well, Lili Palicieux Baird, whose home is on one of the channel is lands and dear Annie Jennings one of the kindest best friends mortal ever had.

However I'm sure you have enough of my reminiscences so with a loving Gruss Gott to all the girls, Your 87 year old

Lucy Clark Schnabel.

MRS. MILLER
(Emma Halsey)

EMMA HALSEY

(Mrs. Emma Halsey Miller)

Mrs. Miller was at Farmington in 1867. She came from Ithaca, New York. She was widowed some years before her death. Her son kindly furnished me with this fine picture of her.

She lived a quiet, peaceful life in her childhood home, Ithaca, and entered into the social pleasures of this charming college town. Her home was most attractive in its decorative qualities, her husband having been an architect with most artistic tastes.

CARVED RUSSIAN SILVER SPOON

Unfortunately, I have no picture of Isabel Hapgood; but instead I give a reproduction of the beautiful spoon she sent me, to share the check I sent her. It shows her spirit always beyond the call of mundane necessities and indifferent to outward appearances. It was, indeed a species of gratitude far above the usual kind, a wish to share the gift which should have been used for immediate requirements.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

A Tribute

Isabel Hapgood came to Farmington from Worcester, Massachusetts, and both the town and state have every reason to be proud of her of whom Miss Porter said she was prouder of her than any other of her girls. I am sure there is not a Farmington girl who is not more than willing to yield her the palm.

Her death was recorded two years ago in a special paragraph in The New York Times, as follows:

Miss Isabel Florence Hapgood, translater of Russian classics and author of many newspaper and magazine articles on modern Russia, died yesterday in the Hotel Rockefeller, at the age of 77. Services will be held tomorrow in Worcester, Mass.

A native of Boston, Miss Hapgood, attended Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn. from 1865 to 1868. She translated several of the works of Tolstoy, Gogol, Turgenieff, and Gorky, and prepared "The Service Book for the Greco-Russian Church."

She was one of the few members of an honorable profession who succeeded in rising above the obscurity which is the common fate of the translator.

A generation ago her name was as well known to American lovers of good literature as that of many a popular author, chiefly in connection with her translations from the great Russians.

Her letters and articles on various aspects of Soviet

Russia have frequently been published in The New York Times.

Her translations were not limited to the Russian language. They included "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo, the Recollections and letters of "Renan," "The Evolution of France under the Third Republic," of Pierre de Coubertin; "Cuore" from the Spanish of Palacio Valdes.

For 22 years Miss Hapgood was a reviewer, foreign correspondent and editorial writer on The New York Evening Post. From 1910 to 1912 she wrote reviews and editorials for the New York Sunday Sun.

I know nothing of Isabel Hapgood's early life or her family so that this tribute will, necessarily, be incomplete; but I was always attracted to her, both at Farmington and in the few times I met her, casually, at the Farmington gatherings I attended in the East. She showed the marks of a genius; in her disregard of the conventionalities; her Bohemian tendencies; her contempt of the dictates of fashion and custom to which most of us are slaves.

She was, in her erratic way, an exponent of the Cult of Miss Porter's School: in her Earnestness; her Simplicity; her love of Art for Art's sake; underneath was a heart of gold and a mind clear cut as a diamond. Her intellectual traits included; first of all a keen sense of humour and an incisive insight into human nature. Literary expression was to her a second nature. She had a wonderful flair for the language. Words—Words were to her fairy messengers of thought flying at her bidding clad in any costume French, Italian, German, Spanish or English.

Her most brilliant achievements were attained through the Russian tongue. She lived in Russia for years, mingled

with the people, was the Friend of Russia during the great struggle. Miss Hapgood was entertained in the home of Tolstoy as a most welcome guest also in the palace of the Czar where she was equally welcome.

Besides writing stories with a Russian background in the distinct modern spirit, she translated the works of Tolstoy except one, The Krentzer Sonata, which is too salacious in spots for her to handle. Perhaps she harked back to the old Puritan days at Miss Porter's School. The works of Turgenieff passes through her English interpretation. Turgenieff's tribute to her genius was "She has translated my very thoughts as well as words."

The greatest act of kindness to Russia was her translation of the church service book in the language the Russians could understand. The Czar, himself took special pains to do her honor.

One day as she was lunching with me at a Bohemian restaurant to which she had conducted me in Greenwich village we were chatting over our coffee and suddenly she pulled from her dress front a long gold chain at the end of which was the most beautiful watch I have ever seen of gold studded with diamonds. The watch was a closed one and on one side was a beautifully enamelled portrait of the Czar surrounded with diamonds: the whole case was a mass of diamonds. Inside the cover was engraved to Isabel Hapgood from the Czar of Russia, or words to that effect—I may be mistaken as to the exact words. I could hardly believe my eyes. Was it a dream? It was all in keeping with our Bohemian surroundings. "But Belle aren't you afraid of losing that precious treasure?" I asked. "That's why I keep it with me all the time," she replied, as she dropped it back into her safety deposit box next to her heart. I often wonder

what became of that watch. Strange that some enterprising representative of The Press did not get hold of the story.

I traced her out, one day to her boarding house in a little 3rd story hall bedroom of one of the decayed old brown stone fronts of Madison Avenue. I found her pounding away on her typewriter.

Such a strange fascination did Belle have over me that I wrote to her once in a while, always keeping track of her address. She told me that she had lost her fortune and she was nurse to her mother when they were in New York. Her mother was very ill with a nervous ailment and could not bear the least noise. They were on the third floor and Belle had to run down the stairs to warn the drivers, many times a day, of heavy trucks to turn to another street.

As I knew she must often be hard up I once sent her a check, not knowing how she would take it as she was very independent. Soon after to my surprise I received a letter from her in a jeweler's elegant box from Tiffany's. The box contained a beautifully carved silver gold-lined spoon in centre of which was engraved my initials A. F. F. The letter said, "Thank you, Abby, for the check. I want to share it with you so send you this specimen of Russian carved silver." The spoon is as large as a table spoon.

A fitting close to my poor tribute is her letter written to me, which gives a glimpse of her Farmington days.

"Dear Abby:

Your letter reached me yesterday and I hasten to thank you for it. My promptness must serve as an offset to the machine letter. I write thus to every one as my hand is weak with overuse and my chirography is the bane of all

beholders. Did I use to call you "Farwy?" That is the one thing which I do not recall about the old Farmington days to which you allude. I remember you perfectly, and "The Wing" and our capers, and the way you used to black yourself into an unrecognizable Topsey, when we had the circuses in the third hall, while the other division was listening to their dose of Bowdlerized classics down stairs. I remember that you and Jennie Wesson used to get caught, when there was any catching achieved, while I and the other far more festive performers always escaped. Or, rather, I always faced it out and made Miss Porter lose her gravity, an excellent way of preventing severe rebuke, I discovered. I shared *Abby Redfield's sermon-laurels in a screamingly farcical manner once. After vainly endeavoring to get a synopsis of the sermon and obtaining nothing but the text, Miss Porter called on me, even though I was ensconced in my favorite and eminently safe snoozing-den, on the Middle Study Hall lounge directly before her eyes. To the consternation of the girls, who all knew that I had begged off that morning, with a bad cold, and who thought Miss Porter remembered the permission she had granted me, I gave her a full and fervent sermon. Imagine the emotions of the girls when she praised me highly, and whipped them over my shoulders for their inattention; naturally, had she been listening to that sermon, in the preacher's version, she would have discovered that I had invented mine as I went along. On another occasion, after vain attempts to get a report, she said, impatiently: "Can no one even tell me the point?" I said: "If you please, Miss Porter, there wasn't any point." My awful meekness and the truth of the assertion upset her com-

*Album No. 41.

pletely and she dropped the subject, with the remark: "That's true."

Of course I am glad you like Sonva Kovalevsky. Did you read my article about it in the August Century? People have been fighting me about that—the opinions which I there-in expressed on my own part, I mean chiefly; but, though I don't begrudge you your pleasure in Sonva, I wish you had read my "Russian Rambles" which came out last Easter. There is a lot of me in that, and I think you would enjoy it, to a certain degree, at any rate for that reason if for no other.

EXTRACT FROM "RUSSIAN RAMBLES"

By Isabel Hapgood

It would be unjust not to give you some idea of her brilliant style, with its undercurrent of dry humor, and its lightning-like flashes of wit. At this time, when everyone is looking for a book on Russia, it would be well to choose "Russian Rambles."

Count Tolstoy's Home:

On the way to the home of Tolstoy we had a touch of our usual luck in an eccentric cabman, Vanka, (that is Johnny), set out before we had taken our seats; we clutches his belt for support and away we flew. We came to a bridge; one wheel skimmed along the side rail; the loose boards rattled ominously beneath the other. In vain I cried out, "This is not an obstacle race," and he replied cheerfully, "It is the horse." Throughout this sweet drive my merry Izvostchik delighted me with his discourse. It began thus: I asked, "Do you know Count Tolstoy?"—"Did he know Count Tolstoy? Everybody

knew him. He was the first gentleman in the Empire. There was not another such man in all the land." "Could he read?" "Had he read to the Count." "Tales?" "Yes, he had read every one of the Count's books that he could lay his hands on and they affected him; why, he had learned to love the world all the better. He knew that if he had a piece of bread he must share it with his neighbor, even if he did find it hard work to support his wife and four small children." "Had such a beed arisen?" "Yes, and he had given his children's bread to others." He pretended not to hear when I inquired why he had not given his own share of the bread. The driver went on, "And Count Tolstoy! A fine man that! The Emperor had conferred upon him the right to release prisoners from jail; had I not noticed the big pail on the left-hand as we drove out of town? (I took the liberty to doubt this legend, in strict privacy).

At last we reached the stone gatepost which marks the entrance to the park of Yasnaya Polyana, (Clearfield), and drove up the formerly and still beautiful avenue of huge, white birch trees. The avenue terminated in hedges of lilacs and acacias near the house. Then I paid and dismissed the beaming Vankaadding, liberal to money, and we parted with the highest opinion of each other. Alas! a day or two later the Count's daughters happened to ask how much I paid for the carriage and informed me that I had given just twice as much as any cabman in Tula would have been glad to take.

When we were ready, being unfamiliar with the house, we asked the maid to conduct us to the Countess. She, too, (this in its literal sense) ushered us into the bedroom where the Countess was dressing. An introduction to country life which certainly was informal enough. We

dined at a long table under the trees. The breeze, the tiny, papery birch seeds, fell into our soup and water. The Count, who had been mowing, appeared at dinner in a grayish blouse and trousers and a soft white linen cap. At no meal did the count ever eat a mouthful of meat, despite urgent persuasion. Boiled buckwheat groats, salted cucumbers, black bread, eggs with spinach, tea and coffee, sour kvas (beer made from black bread), and cabbage soup formed the staple of his diet, even when ill, and when most people would have avoided the cucumbers and kvas, at least.

One day, as I was sitting, armed with thimble and needle, waiting for her (the countess) the count discovered a hole in his pocket, and asked his niece to mend it for him. She had not her implements. I volunteered—to do the mending, not to lend the wherewithal. The pocket was of black silk, my thread of white cotton, but that was of no consequence. I seated myself comfortably on the sand, and speedily discovered not one hole, but a row of holes such as wear along the seams of pockets. The count was greatly annoyed at the trouble he was giving me, protested as I began on each new hole, and was very restless. I was finally obliged to speak.

"Lyeff Nikola'itch," I said, "do me the favor to sit still. Your reputation as well as mine is involved in this work. It must be done thoroughly and neatly quite as much for your sake as for mine."

"How so?" he asked in surprise.

"My woman's reputation for neat mending trembles in the balance; and do not you advocate the theory that we should help our fellowmen? You have helped others; it is your turn now to be experimented on."

*FRANCES FAY CALHOUN
(MRS. HENRY B. MASON)

By Rosalind Mason

Frances Fay Calhoun was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, April 12, 1854. She was the daughter of John Benjamin and Frances Thompson Calhoun. In her early childhood she moved to Chicago with her parents. She entered Farmington when she was about fifteen, and always spoke with great pleasure of her life there.

She was one of the founders of the Farmington Society in Chicago.

After leaving Farmington she travelled abroad for a year.

On June 12, 1880, she was married to Henry Burrall Mason, in Chicago, Illinois. They had three children: Calhoun, (died March 19, 1907), Frances Eleanor, (Mrs. James R. Trowbridge of Englewood, New Jersey), and Rosalind Fay. Mrs. Mason died in Chicago on June 25, 1928. She was a member of the Farmington Society, of the Society of Colonial Governors, the Illinois Society of Colonial Dames, The Fortnightly of Chicago, and The Friday Club. She lived an interesting and joyful life. To her a friend most truly applied Shelley's immortal words, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit."

HER STORY

Our first President of the Chicago Farmington Society, Mrs. Mason, then told us of the early efforts of the first board.

She said, "Counting by feelings and not by the calendar, it seems a short time ago that eight young women

met at 348 Ontario street to form the Farmington Society of Chicago.

"By-laws were formulated and officers elected. The work planned was to be philanthropic. A copy of the by-laws was sent to Miss Porter and I well remember her reply. She was much pleased that such a society was formed and for such an object. 'No such rigid rules were ever known in the school' was her closing humorous comment.

"This Society has since been a factor in the philanthropic work of the city. Many an unclad child has been warmed by garments made while the sewer was chatting gaily of social pleasures or recalling past years at the dear old school. I remember a gift made for the children at the then Maurice Porter Hospital, consisting of twenty-six white flannel sacks (the woolly side out), trimming them with turkey red collars and cuffs. On the cold Christmas morning, when the children sat up in bed to receive their gifts, they looked like blossoming geraniums.

"Memory is a subtle thing. I never see syringa or a lilac bush in bloom without recalling the shaded street lined with blossoms where we walked two by two to the old white church with its pointed spire. There were many things that pointed upward there. Should I try to analyze Miss Porter's influence over her girls I think I can say it was one of character rather than learning. We passed no examinations; we did not have to, but to do right because it was right was the lesson inculcated, and which has lasted us all our lives.

"Somehow, the lilacs and syringas are always present in that picture of Farmington. I am sure they are always in bloom there."

*Album No. 9.

*ABBY FARWELL FERRY

Her Story

I became one of the Farmington girls in October, 1866, my father and my uncle driving me over from Hartford, my Uncle at whose house we had been staying a day or two before coming to Farmington, driving my father and me over from Hartford. It was a beautiful Autumn day such as belongs to New England.

I turned to Miss Porter and with her I entered that time-honored entrance into the large brick building. Miss Porter led me up two long flights of stairs, then down three steps into "The Wing," a large addition to the main building. She knocked at the first door, it was opened by a tall, slender girl, a wealth of blonde, curly hair framing a face of a perfect oval and regular features and eyes of a deep blue. Miss Porter introduced us thus:

"Abby, this is *Jenny Beach, your roommate, and *Rose Wright is there on the couch. (Rose stood up immediately). You once lived in Chicago, I believe, so you will have a common bond. Abby Farwell is her full name. Now I know you will all be soon acquainted and I shall see you this evening after supper. You can arrange your things as you like and as your trunk has come, you will be busy until supper time."

At this time, 1866, Miss Porter's school was called by the press, The Ultra-fashionable Boarding School. It had a perpetual waiting list, which was long and consisted only of the very best families in the land. Miss

*1 Album 31 Abby Farwell.
*2 Album 29 Jenny Black.
*3 Album 33 Rose Wright.

MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL IN 1866

Porter took the names of those only who were recommended by well-known people of high standing.

The room allotted to the three girls was long and narrow and had only one window in it at one corner of the room where was the end of the dress box. These dress boxes were a peculiarity of Miss Porter's. I think she invented them, for I have never seen them anywhere else. I later had one made at home for my room and when Father saw it on the porch before it was taken into my room, he remarked, "What's that burial case for?" That just described it before it had the chintz coverings put on.

As the study halls at Miss Porter's school are historic, it is fitting to describe them and the scenes enacted there

so long ago. As one entered the front door, the study halls stood on the right. There were three large rooms which could be thrown together into a large hall. Here the girls gathered for prayers after breakfast and here they all came after supper to spend an hour in study before going to their rooms. Before leaving to go upstairs each pupil went up to Miss Porter and shook hands with her. Seated in the middle room by the table, she wished each one a gracious goodnight. The latter half of the evening was spent in reading from some famous author, Miss Porter reading in her perfect style.

She used to read Dickens to us. Dickens' characters could not feel more at home anywhere than in the study halls of Miss Porter's school, where they were heard through Miss Porter's fine reading to speak to each other and to the girls so many times over. Many of us can remember Miss Porter's judiciously replacing certain paragraphs, such as:

"Mantilini (to his wife) demmit! It is a horrid reality. She (Mrs. Mantilini) is sitting there before me. There is the graceful outline of her form; it cannot be mistaken; there is nothing like it. The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demned outline. Why is she so excruciatingly beautiful that I cannot be angry with her even now?"

Instead of reading this, there was a familiar hesitation. "Ah, Ah," followed by a substitute paragraph, something like this; "He endeavored to reinstate himself into her good graces by various blandishments." But we were not deceived; every substitute was detected and every girl looked up the correct phrase the next day. This gave a zest to the reading and we hailed with delight the char-

acters; Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, Alfred Jingleetal, whose sayings had to be revised for our benefit.

Those dear old Study Halls, like nothing else in the world, they were home living rooms, we sat against the walls all around the rooms with Miss Porter seated in the center of the middle room.

Yes, there we sat all of us; Boston girls with their studious air, New York girls with their fashionable graces, Albany girls, ever conscious of their descent from the old Patroons, Washington girls with their Southern spirit, and the Independent Western girls, all one in their loyalty to this great Spirit-Mother.

I had been in Farmington a term or two when my father wrote me that he was going to send an oil painting of my mother to hand over my bed. I never knew my mother for she died when I was but a month old. Ever since I was able to understand my father tried to impress me with the idea that my mother was my guardian angel and now that I was to break away from home ties it was, he thought, a good idea to continue this impression. He must have written to Miss Porter about it, though he never told me of it.

The picture came, and the way Miss Porter handled the situation was most delicate. Instead of sending the portrait directly to my room to be hung, she gave directions to Connor to unpack it carefully, storing the box for future use; then she had him bring it to the reception room, to the left of the hall as you enter. All the girls first went into this room with their parents on coming to the school.

Miss Porter, bless her dear heart, had the picture set against a chair in the room and left it there for a day. The girls, of course, went in to see the new girl as it were as

was wont to do. I can see them now, gliding in on tiptoe look at my mother and step out softly to say to me: "So nice to have your mother here, isn't it, Abby; she is the new girl." I always think of my mother as a Farmington girl, and so give her a place in my book. Miss Porter with her arm about my waist lead me up to my mother's picture.

Letter from Abby to Mamie Hall, Chicago

Dearest Mame:

The New York girls are so jolly and dress—my—but—such clothes—the very latest from Paris. Belle Barney is the queen of the New Yorkers, in fact, the whole school. She lives at Irvington in summer. Belle took the leading part in a play the older girls gave in the back study hall; we all sat in the two front Study Halls. My—but she was gorgeous. She got a costume from the Costumer's in New York. The play was "Honor among Thieves." Belle was the thief, who broke in and stole some jewelry from a lady's dressing table. Among the valuables stolen was a miniature in a diamond frame. After the jewels had been stolen the members of the family were sitting around looking dejected because the miniature was of their mother, when the hero (Belle in the costume of the time of Louis XIV) jumped in gracefully from the window in the back study hall (left open for the purpose).

She swept off her magnificent broad brimmed hat with a long feather waved it in front of her, bowed low saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen I have brought back the miniature which I know you must prize." Laid it on the table and quickly jumped out again. Of course the frame of

diamonds was gone. How Belle ever got away with the male attire, I don't understand, but she did and even Miss Porter clapped when she laid the picture on the table. I shall never forget that play, the first home play I ever saw.

There is a girl here, Ella Fitch, who has the most awful headaches, she has to walk up and down the hall to get relief and dear Miss Porter gets up in the middle of the night to walk with her till the headache goes away.

You ought to hear Mary Daggett do Tyrolean Yodeling. She went to Bavaria last year and heard the peasants do it in the mountains. She slides up to the girls rooms and bursts out with "I-oo-dle, I-oo-dle I-oo," and it is wonderful to hear her. She is the daughter of Dr. Daggett of New Haven.

Abby.

Letter to Mama

Dear Mama:

I got through with last Sunday* all right. I had a nice talk with Miss Porter in her room before I went to church and she took me up in front with the other girl who joined too, Miss Parsons of St. Louis. I wore my red and black striped dress which seems rather too flashy to wear on such an occasion, but it was kind of cold that day and I thought it would be warmer. I wore my rubbers as it was snowing. I had a nice letter, enclosed, from Dr. Patterson; he is the nicest minister I ever knew. Notice how he ends up, "I find I must close." Isn't that a cute way to end up, so different from every body else I am going to try it myself.

*When I joined the Cong. Ch. at Farmington.

Chicago, Dec. 18, 1866.

Dear Miss Abby:

I take the liberty of writing this note to express my very deep interest in your welfare in relation both to your progress in study and your new interest in the great matter of personal religion. I have often prayed that you might find the narrow path, and be enabled to walk in it with singleness of heart. And now it is my earnest hope that you will come out fully on the Lord's side, by making a profession of your faith without any needless delay. And with the religious training which you have had, I do not think that much delay would be expedient. It would, of course, be very pleasant for your friends, if you could unite with the Church here. But thinking that it might be sometime before you would be at home, it has occurred to me that if your parents approve, you might do well to join the Congregational Church at Farmington. You could then easily bring a letter to such Church as you might desire to unite with here, when you return home to remain.

I find I must close. Praying earnestly that the richest blessings of heaven may rest upon you, I am, very truly, Your affectionate friend;

R. W. Patterson.*

There is such a dear little *girl here about ten years old. Her mother just died and she was sent here to be under Miss Porter's care. She is dressed in black from head to foot. The girls call her "The sigh." She has a little bed in Miss Porter's room. She is the prettiest little thing with golden curls and lovely blue eyes. Miss Porter

*Dr. R. W. Patterson, pastor 2nd Pres. Ch. of Chicago. Dr. Patterson was called the rector of Presbyterianism in the west. Album 45.

Farmington
December 31. 1867

My dear Abby.

I have received your letter from New Haven and I send to you the $20. which you desire — with love to Miss Tracy.

Aff'ly yrs.

Sarah Porter.

won't let any one touch her. She dresses her, puts her to bed and is a real mother to her. I suppose after a while she will let Jane Lawrence, the lady's maid, take some care of her; but her Mother just died last Saturday and Miss Porter wants to have her right under her wing for a while. Her name is Louise Holabird. (Mrs. Wicker.)

I find I must close,

Your loving daughter,

Abby.

Miss Porter's Letter to Me

I visited a friend who was at Miss Terry's school in New Haven and, while there, needed some money. The girls went to Miss Porter for everything we wanted; always called on her for money from 25c to $50.00. I never thought of bothering father for money only very seldom. Miss Porter handed out what money we needed and always remembered what it was. I do not believe she kept accounts, but still I may be mistaken.

The only letter I had from Miss Porter was in answer to a request for $20.00 when in New Haven. Here is her reply and enclosed was a $20.00 bill.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN SKATE

A Modern Fairy Tale

*ABBY FARWELL FERRY

My first year at Farmington had meant so much to me. I had made new friends; had new experiences and Miss Porter's school was to me a veritable paradise. I felt I had another mother, in fact all the girls felt that way and were looking forward to getting back.

After school was over I went to Hartford, another paradise to me for there lived my stepmother's sisters and a brother all of whom did everything they could for my comfort and happiness. I went for all my vacations at my Uncle's, Mr. F. B. Daley's, who had a lovely home on Farmington Avenue, about ten miles from the school at Farmington. Aunt Lizzie, Mrs. Gifford, was my mother's sister and assumed the oversight of my spiritual life as also my wardrobe, although my Aunt Clara, the wife of Uncle Frank had something to do with it also. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers another sister, treated me as their child, and they had two children, Helen, twelve, and Charlie about my age, sixteen. I do not know who was responsible for the plan but a plan was made to go to the seashore and have Abby as well as everyone have a good

*The reason this story is used is because it is a true story and also because it is a change from the stories about the school. This story shows what a Farmington girl is after her first year at Farmington, the way she meets contacts with people at a summer resort; it shows the simple and modest life prevailing at that time in society which has gained for that period the appellation, The Age of Innocence.

The story gives a glance of the change of a girl from Farmington to Vassar, where some of the girls were compelled to go, some against their wills, and for various other reasons.

*All names fictitious but my own.

*Album 31.

time and give Abby a rest after her first year at Farmington. Aunt Lizzie, a widow, the family of Roger's and myself constituted the party.

It was decided to go to some quiet resort not at all fashionable where we could all have a good time without undue gaiety. The place was, at last, after much talking and looking over the circulars of different places, fixed upon. The place, Madison Connecticut, which was on the sound and promised just such accommodations and amusements we were seeking—no excitement nor dancing nor crowds of young people bent on pleasure, but just a few staid grownups who went there for rest and recuperation.

My Uncle was a rollicking funny man always joking and poking fun at everybody, very genial and sociable, Helen was the apple of her Mother's eye and in her estimation could do no wrong. Charlie was harmless, so to speak, minded his own business and kept to himself a good deal. Mrs. Rogers was a kindly soul, trying to please everybody, especially Henny, as Helen was called to distinguish her from her mother, being named after her; she would run up and down stairs to wait on Henry all day long and never complain of being tired. Henny was a lovable child, interested in everything about her, could play the piano and made friends; but she was inquisitive and active, bent on pleasure, was shrewd, doing all sorts of mischief and prying into others affairs in the most unheard of ways but still Henny could do no wrong, according to her fond mother who defended her in her preposterous doings. When complaints were made by those who suffered in consequence of Henny's misdemeanors, her mother said with unvarying promptness, "Shaw," you must not mind Henny, she went farther than

she should perhaps, but you must remember she is but a child." Henny was anything but a child and knew more about grown-up knowledge than her mother ever dreamt of.

The Hamonasset House was our destination. How romantic and Indian-like the name. Uncle, who carried out to the very letter Aunt Helen's plans, wrote at once for rooms; three double rooms where the windows looked out on the sea. The hotel was American plan and the rooms had each a double bed in them. One room for the two aunts; one for Henny and me, one for Uncle and Charlie.

The last bag was packed and we were off for the seashore at last. Now we are nearing the hotel in the hotel bus. I can see the old lighthouse rising from the rows of breakers coming in. The hotel, an oblong white frame building with rows of windows one above another like a regiment of soldiers. We encountered a line of people seated on the long narrow porch; old ladies knitting, young ones laughing and talking gaily and all waiting for the supper bell to ring. We hurried to our rooms and made ready for the coming meal anticipating fresh fish which we did not get—only small squares of thin steak.

After supper Henny informed me that a young man was looking at me. I reproved her severely and told her not to tell me such things as people might hear her. She was on the Qui vive for some thing romantic and made everybody uncomfortable by trying to force circumstances as it were.

I was soon introduced to him, to the young man, I had come to avoid, a tall stalwart fellow, one who had just finished his freshman year at Yale college, dear me, can it be—a sophomore and there he was sitting down in the

chair next to mine and Henny all eyes and ears nearby. His name, Mr. Frederick Vandyne, from Albany, belonging to one of the oldest families of New York. He was named for his father and to distinguish between them his father was called Fred and the son Erick. His Mother had come there with her two sons to avoid the rush and to get a rest. He talked about college of course and his room at college, a dandy, wouldn't I like to see it and wouldn't I go with him to see it tomorrow. I was in a sort of dream, see a student's room, Oh! wouldn't I though. We'll ask my aunt; would she let me go, would she? I asked her but the answer was "Why the idea are you crazy, of course you can't go to a student's room." Henny: "Do let her go, I will go too and it will be all right." I to Henny: "I should say not, you won't go if I go."

The next morning the invitation was renewed, he would take good care of me and bring me home all right. We would have dinner at the New Haven House and all would be well; but the word had gone forth and could not be changed. What was there to do, but to play croquet, the prevailing game at that time; a dry substitute for a visit to a student's room, but play croquet we did, including Henny who felt her importance as Mr. Vandyne politely handed her a mallet and ball. Henny sighted a romance from afar and acted accordingly, watching every move and glance of both of us much to my annoyance. Nothing seemed to disconcert Mr. Vandyne, who played on as if his life depended on it. Henny had a way of pushing her ball into position and the consequence was she won most every game, so that on nearing the last stake my new friend would say, "I am afraid Miss Henny is going to win again."

Once when Henny was having a long run and we were talking she suddenly ran from her course and started towards us saying, "Erick, why don't you marry Abby." I could have choked her then and there. We had an audience on the porch within sight and hearing who seemed to enjoy the game more than we did. Erick had a way of disposing of embarrassing situations, he suggested a walk along the beach which removed us from the madding crowd and made everything seem easy and natural as if nothing had happened. He began to skip stones which is a delightful diversion to the skipper and to the looker on. He had occasion several times to relieve situations by means of these impromptu deliverances. He took everything so casually that my embarrassment passed off and I felt perfectly at ease; he made everybody comfortable as well as happy. If an old lady dropped her ball it was Erick who rescued it from rollicking kittens or from rolling into the gray old sea and he handed it to her with a deep bow such as the knight of the tournament might have handed a favor to the queen.

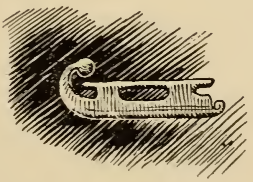
I tried to act as much as possible as if I was a Farmington girl as the saying was, you could tell a Farmington girl as far as you could see her. I felt that the reputation of Farmington was in my keeping for the time being. It was a dreadful responsibility especially as Erick had said he thought I was a Farmington girl the first time he saw me.

When I got to my room and could hold forth, maybe I didn't go for Henny, hammer and tongs to be met with the usual, "You mustn't mind what she says she didn't mean any harm and you must remember she is only a child, etc." I retorted, "And everybody looking at us and

laughing their heads off, it isn't very pleasant I tell you and if you don't stop it some way I will."

My Aunt Lizzie was always warning me and telling me the sort of young women men liked to marry. Strange to say they were not at all like me. She had often told me to be very careful and not let young men take personal liberties and she reiterated this advice again at this time. "Well," I asked, "What are personal liberties and when do they take them." Uncle who overheard this remark said, "Lizzie, you had better subside the idea of warning her against such a fine fellow as Erick."

That evening, we sat on the porch and talked, he about the hazing at college always interesting to the girls, and I told him what fun I had skating on the basin of Lake Michigan and even on the sidewalks. He asked me for one of the buttons on my dress to put on his watch chain. I thought this must be personal liberties and so I was dead set against it and refused this favor; but he was determined to have a button. I said I couldn't let him have it. He wanted to know why. I could not tell him why and sort of made excuses. I thought of Miss Porter and what she would say if I let him have a button off my dress so I put him off with excuses but he kept on teasing till finally I thought "I will just say he can have it, the next morning I will change my mind," so I said he could have it, I supposed; but no sooner said than he cut one off as



neat as a pin. He had an open knife and it cut the button off as quick as a wink; and he strung it on his watch guard as quick as another wink saying "I will give you something in return." Henny noticed the missing busson at once and

proclaimed it through the room notifying all the rest. Erick went to town and when he returned and we were in our usual seats on the porch he handed me a little box saying "I hope you will think this is a fit exchange for the button—and—it was a little golden skate, about three-fourths of an inch long to slip on my watch guard chain.

This was indeed romantic and such an experience as I never expected to have. I thanked him as best I could and we talked about everything under the sun and time flew till Auntie gently called me to come upstairs. I had to show my skate and then what—"Oh, you must not accept presents from gentlemen except candy, books and flowers. It would never do to accept such an expensive present from a casual acquaintance, this must have cost five dollars at least, if not more with all that fine artistic work on it." Five dollars in the sixties meant much more than it does now. Henny: "Oh, he must be in love with you to give you such an expensive present." I to Henny: "Oh you shut up and keep quiet, it beats anything I ever heard of, you interfering in every thing where you have no business to." Then Aunt Helen: "But remember"—I rushed off and heard the words "Only a child" as the familiar sentence trailed off with the familiar ending.

There was a family council over this little skate as Aunt Helen said she doubted if my father would approve of my accepting it and Aunt Lizzie thought so too, and so, it must be returned—but how and who would return it. I said flatly, I wouldn't, then Uncle arrived upon the scene, "return that trinket" he wanted to know why, after explanations were over Uncle blurted out "Give it back to him, why it would be an insult." Then Henny: "Now

you can keep the skate, Oh! goody! goody!" Uncle continued: "Such a fine fellow as he is I would not think of such a thing as returning this trinket." And so my tears were wiped away by Henny, dear child, who really loved me and rejoiced in my triumphs. How fortunate it is for us poor women that men sometimes have a different point of view from women in regard to their own actions.

Whist

Rainy evenings we played whist with Erick as my teacher, as I did not know anything about cards; Uncle and Henny against Erick and me. It was a very queer quartette, but lots of fun. I could never remember what was "trumps" so my partner, at intervals, would announce them for my benefit. Henny, smart at anything, soon became an expert player, but when her partner seemed disappointed at a certain play she would, invariably say, "You'll see, You'll see."

One of the chief diversions was singing college songs and as there were several good voices besides Erick's we had concerts on the porch most every evening when "The Elephant went Round," "When Freshman First we came to Yale," "As I was Going Down the Street a Pretty Girl I Chanced to Meet," "Gaudeamus Igitur," etc.

I noticed my new friend began addressing me as "Miss Montrose," which was a mystery until my intelligent Aunt Lizzie explained it to me as follows: "Instead of saying Miss Abbey, he says "Miss Montrose" which refers to Montrose Abby of Walter Scott's novel, you know." This pleased me immensely and seemed very romantic. One day he handed me a book of Yale songs, bound in

bright blue with the letters on the cover in gold, "Carmina Yalensia." It was some days after that Henny discovered on the flyleaf the words in Erick's handwriting, "Miss Montrose, regards, Trumps." Henny thought the inscription was not romantic enough. She would have been better satisfied had the words been "The Rose is Sweet and so are you." I informed Henny that the words he had written were just right; nothing could be better, as it expressed just what we were—good friends. I was allowed to keep this present without discussion as it came within the bounds of what a young lady might accept from a gentleman.

Uncle Rogers would have his joke on every body and of course there was no escape for me. Every now and then he would pull my ear and say "Abby, you've got an earache haven't you?" I didn't see the miserable pun at first, which made every body laugh.

Sunday

On Sunday morning most everybody in the hotel went to the little Church in the village, strolling along in groups. Erick with his brother Tommy, Henny and I formed one group. We talked about anything that came into our heads. Erick suddenly remarked about my fine new hat, making fun of it as is the way of men and boys, always teasing the girls. "You better give me that hat to gather up minnows with when I go fishing, it is just the right shape." "Why the Idea," says Henny, "and such an expensive hat." "That hat expensive," says Erick, "Why it is trimmed with faded ribbon, it is no good anyway." Henny retorts, "It is shaded ribbon and

it cost a lot, etc." Jogging along with such elevating conversation suitable for Sunday morning, we went to church; little did I think, as Erick and I sat side by side on the wooden bench that some day I should be sitting in a finely upholstered pew of a large church in a great city listening to him preach.

Sunday Afternoon

Like all good mothers, Mrs. Vandyne took care of Sunday afternoon. She had Sunday school in her room from 3:00 to 4:30, to which all the children in the hotel were invited, including Henny and me. Chairs had been brought into her room and both sides of her bed rendered service in accommodating the small children. Erick passed around the Moody and Sankey hymn books then sat at the foot of the bed with a row of small children filling up the space to the head of the bed. Some sat on the floor when the seats gave out. Tommy Vandyne came in later remarking, "There is Erick growling away," and soon after he was growling away himself. Mrs. Vandyne read a chapter in the Bible, about the bears, I think, and then all repeated the Lord's prayer, after which we sang hymns again selecting them ourselves. We made the old rafters ring with the favorites: "Pull for the Shore," "Out on an ocean all boundless we ride," "If you cannot on the Ocean Sail among the Swiftest fleet you can Stand among the Sailors and Help them Push their boats Away," "Jesus Savior Pilot Me." Everybody sang and entered into the spirit of the occasion with a vim which was contagious. Was it any wonder that Erick became a minister?

Swimming

Monday was the day for our swimming lesson and Erick was to be our teacher. I didn't know how to swim neither did any of us. Erick did, however, and he volunteered to teach us.

Everybody planned to go in that afternoon, little girls, big girls, men and boys. Our hero proved himself equal to the occasion, dogs, children and grownups followed him into the sea. He held us women and girls by the ruffles on our dresses and swashed us up and down through the breakers. He would say, "Put your fingers in your ears, shut your eyes and mouth," and then he would steer us through the gray old sea and up we came panting and shouting. Erick was a champion swimmer and he certainly did his best to impart to his pupils how to do it. First a specimen swim by our teacher to show us the strokes for us to imitate; then he put each one of us through the motions by working our legs and arms the correct way, then he would say, "Now try it for yourselves." We had a glorious time and some of us really learned to swim. I don't remember whether I did or not. I am afraid *not* as I hung on to my teacher with such a grip as to prevent any independent movement.

STORY OF THE GOLDEN SKATE

Sequel

In the spring of 1868, I was taken ill at Farmington of typhoid fever and had to leave the school at that time. My parents did not renew my name on the entrance list for the following autumn, not knowing whether I would be well enough so that I lost my place at Farmington, there being a long waiting list.

Some of my friends were going to Vassar College and I was persuaded to join them. As I entered the parlor at Vassar who should be there but my old roommate, Jenny Beach, as well as other Farmington girls.

The Farmington girls passed the examination creditably some of them getting in the Freshman class at the end of their first year, by taking extra examinations.

I took my little golden skate with me to Vassar and very few knew its history, only a select few of my most intimate friends. I was in the habit of caring for it, cleaning it and polishing it myself, as I never let it out of my sight, but one day I left it to soak in my wash bowl between classes and when I returned the housemaid had thrown out the water in the bowl and Alas! where was my little skate? I was beside myself with despair and knew not what to do; I became ill, could not eat nor sleep so that Miss Terry, lady principal of Vassar, felt she must make me a visit. She came to my room and kindly took my hand and smoothed my hair and asked what was the matter. I told her the whole story of my skate and what did she do but summon the civil engineer of Vassar College and direct him to try to find my lost

treasure and what did he do but superintend the screening of the sewer and had the contents examined. This took some time and then it was late to do this as the skate had gone down that morning and it was then noon; but Miss Terry was determined to do everything in her power to recover my lost charm.

The dear girls did everything to cheer me up and get my mind off my grief. The girls all understood that this was not a gift of a lover but only from a friend and they were not to refer to it in any such way and instructed those who called to talk of only a casual gift from a friend.

I was all in and no use at all, my exams were going badly and I did not expect to pass anything.

The great question of the college was, "Has Abby's skate turned up yet." Some girl put on the bulletin board "No skate as yet, but engineers are still at work trying to recover it."

"Miss Terry is going to have the whole college draped in black Abby," and "Abby, if you don't get through college you will have the satisfaction of knowing your skate has gone through it."

"It is interesting to think that maybe ten centuries from now excavators will be prying up these grounds and one of them perchance will find a little article of real gold that resembles a shoe or slipper. Scientists will study it and come to the conclusion that in these days the earth was inhabited by very small people who wore foot gear of peculiar shape and very small. Thus will it be an established fact that a race of infinitesimal people existed once upon a time."

In these various ways did the dear girls try to get my

mind off the loss of my treasured skate and its unfortunate fate.

So the little skate passed from my keeping, tears at its coming—tears at its going.

The girls all wondered why Miss Terry should take such an interest in my dilemma. Some thought it was the Platonic nature of my case that won her interest, but we all agreed that it showed greatness of character, as well as goodness of heart, in her to enter into my feelings and to make such an effort to bring back my little treasure.

It gives me great pleasure to record this incident of Miss Terry's administration at Vassar College; a contingency, safe to say, that never arose before or will again in any other college.

MARYLINDA BRADLEY AND ARIZONA PETE

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

NAMESAKE OF MARY GRAY

Right next to my room at The Desert Sanatorium was a Miss Bradley, with whom I became acquainted. I found she was the daughter of Mr. William Harrison Bradley, whose sister Jessie Bradley I know known. *Mary Gray married Mr. Bradley and I asked if she was a daughter of my old schoolmate at Farmington. I knew of Mary's terrible accident at Ashtabula when the train crashed through a bridge and went down into a river below. Mary was saved but her two children were killed. Mary died and I thought this girl might be her daughter, but she was the daughter of Mr. Bradley's second wife, Carrie Lawson, sister of Victor Lawson the great editor and owner of The Chicago Daily News. Mamie Gray was a friend of Jessie Bradley at Vassar and so came about the match between Mamie and Jessie's brother, William Harrison Bradley. I said to Miss Bradley, "I thought from your name being Mary that perhaps you might be her daughter." She then said, "I was named after her; don't you think it was sporty of my mother to name me after her." I certainly did and I also thought what would Mamie Gray think to see her namesake in her sporty togs as Mary Gray was a sort of pink of perfection, a girl who never was known to commit an indiscretion or be any thing but strictly conventional. Mary Linda Bradley was the opposite of Mary Gray Bradley that was evident; not that Mary Linda committed indiscretions. Oh! No! But she was an up-to-date girl of this present age.

*Album No. 4.

She had an airplane, in the first place that she piloted herself and her dog Arizona Pete was a character if we may so designate a dog. She has given me a picture of all three; herself, Merry Robin, the plane, and Arizona Pete.

I add her last letter, which I am sure will be of interest:

Box 741, La Jolla, California.
August 4th, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Ferry:

How delightful to have your letter of the 18th of July. I so much enjoyed hearing details about the book and shall look forward to seeing it.

As you see, I am still "out west" but I had the satisfaction of, at least, a brief excursion into Connecticut,—all too short and with not time enough to see half the friends I wanted to see.

I dropped off a sizzling train at Lamy (New Mexico) on way back here and cooled off for a couple of days in Santa Fe with friends, and then motored via Socorro and Springerville and the Petrified Forests to Winslow, where my old "Robin" was chartered to fly me to Phoenix and San Diego.

In Phoenix I acquired a great niece of "Arizona Pete's,"—aged four weeks old. I christened her "Arizona Cholla" because she looks downy, but her teeth and claws have all the attributes of a successful cactus repelling the unwary! Arizona Pete and Cholla are a two-ringed circus and take a lot of attention. I am not writing or doing anything in particular for my country, except trying to

dedicate the year to fitness and be more or less of a (conservative) hedonist.

Always with affectionate regard,

Yours,

Mary Linda Bradley.

(Written on the back of Miss Bradley's post-card picture).

"Arizona Pete," the mascot, the "Merry Robin," (my bi-plane), and me,—the passenger, (merely). Send you all good wishes. Affectionately. Mary Linda Bradley.

*KATE STEVENS

(MRS. M. B. HUGHES)

HER STORY, 1867

It was purely by a piece of good luck that I went to Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Connecticut. My parents had decided to send me to Miss Read's, a fashionable New York finishing school, when just at the psychological moment an old family friend, Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford, Connecticut, came to visit us and prevailed upon my parents, chiefly on account of my rather pronounced musical talents, to send me to Farmington. Mrs. Warner knew Miss Porter very well and kindly agreed to write the necessary letters, giving all required information, so that I was entered with only a few months' delay instead of a year or more, as was often the case.

I shall never forget that first day: We drove over from the Warner's at Hartford and I was so nervous and excited that I had a nervous chill, which made Miss Langdon, Miss Porter's English factotum, as she afterward confided to me, fear that they were going to have another invalid.

Miss Porter I adored from the first moment I beheld her; that strong chin, like the jaw of a thoroughbred hound, the mobile, sensitive mouth; the keen but benignant eye. I never was afraid of her, and she was always my friend, understanding and tender. I received many letters from her, after my engagement to be married, when my father died, and a number of beautiful letters

*Album No. 12.

keeping me informed during the last illness of her niece and my beloved friend, Mary Keep, who, if she had lived, would have been Miss Porter's successor.

But I must hurry on and tell about two rather unique occurrences, one of which may be called "The Hash Episode" and the other "The Base Ball Comedy."

Whatever it may have been afterwards, in Miss Porter's day the table was most excellent in every particular. I had often written home about it in terms of highest praise. But one of the girls at my table, which was composed chiefly of Albanians, thought it funny to speak disrespectfully and facetiously of the delicious hash* we sometimes had for breakfast, and after we had gone home for the holidays one of the teachers at our table, a slimy snake named Willard, told Miss Porter that we all criticised the food, and she being naturally proud of its superior quality, went up in the air and sent each one of us a pretty snappy letter, saying that if we couldn't explain the accusation made against us, we need not come back. Whew! You can imagine what a bombshell this was, hurled into the midst of our holiday festivities. Well, one of my parents answered the letter rather strongly and I took up my pen and in wrath and indignation wrote that unless Miss Porter apologized for her unjust accusation, I did not want to come back. In three days a telegram arrived with the two words: "Come back." I think Miss Willard, who was unpopular with the girls, wanted to strengthen her position with Miss Porter by decrying us. The opposite result was obtained, as Miss Porter received us, literally, "with open arms," and was even kinder and more considerate than ever.

*Complaints (of food) we shall have, for this is part of healthy student nature. James R. Angell.

As for the "Base Ball Eposide:" We really and truly organized a Base Ball Club, giving it the name of Tunxis, after an old Connecticut Indian Tribe, and I had the honor to be chosen Captain of the first nine. We played, or tried to play, a few games, and received a challenge from the Trinity College team at Hartford, when sundry, rather premptory letters from our parents put a stop to that somewhat strenuous exercise.

Life was very primitive in those days. Girls who have spent $100 or so a month for flowers alone can hardly realize that we were only allowed thirty cents a week for spending money, which we used chiefly for food, and I still shudder when I recall the saedine plates washed with cold water. We had no bathrooms, but bathed in a sketchy fashion week-days, and thoroughly behind screens on Saturday, after which we put on one of our best wool frocks, as a sort of gala occasion.

I loved Miss Porter's talks in the study hall Sunday mornings before church, and I loved her class in English literature in one of the cottages; where surrounded by big volumes, she read to us extracts from Olde Donne or Beaumont and Fletcher. Something as an epicure would savous toothsome morsals.

There was a tradition in the school that when Greek or Latin professors at Yale got into a tight place they applied to Miss Porter to get them out. Professor Sloan of Princeton, if you recall, said in an obituary of Miss Porter that she was one of the great educators of her time.

And to that well deserved eulogy, each one of the great band of pupils whom she guided and influenced in all the essentials of life, would add the tribute of undying gratitude and love.

THE COLONY

ELIZABETH C. CHAPIN

Mrs. Henry Dwight Porter

Elizabeth Chapin was the daughter of the first president of Beloit College. She was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1848. She attended Rockford Female Seminary and Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut. She was married in April, 1879, to Dr. Henry Dwight Porter of the North China Mission of the American Board.

The Porters made their home in different stations of the mission at the beginning, as Dr. Porter's medical services were in wide demand. At the annual Mission Meeting in April, 1880, a new country station was opened in Shantung, to which Miss Mary H. Porter, already a veteran, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were assigned. But it was not until the autumn of 1882 that it was possible to welcome the families into the new quarters.

In 1884 the station was greatly strengthened by the coming of Dr. and Mrs. Albert P. Peck, who took over the medical work then rapidly expanding. It was probably a unique feature that everyone of the members at that time were connected with the First Congregational Church of Beloit. The arrival of the Wyckoff sisters five years later did not in the least diminish this family feeling, which was often remarked upon by the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries who for a time were our guests and helpers as unlike anything they had ever seen elsewhere.

There were at times eleven children in the different

families, and they have cherished their rural China training as their prime treasure.

At the close of 1899 it became necessary for the family to go to the United States for the education of the children. The Boxer outbreak in the following year prevented the return of the family, but Dr. Porter remained and gave his life to the task of caring for the stricken church.

Mrs. Porter was eminently a home-maker and a life and house-mother, but she also assisted to a moderate extent in the teaching of the Chinese women and girls which had been a specialty of the station. She was invariably sunny hearted and sweet tempered, and her home was a model, both in China and in America. She cared for her husband with unfailing assiduity, and likewise for one of her sons who was for years an invalid. They had for many years a beautiful home in La Mesa, California. Her later years were spent in the old home at Beloit, Wisconsin, in company with her sister and many friends. Her children are her monument, and her works do follow her. She was connected with the North China Mission from 1879-1899. Rev. Lucius Chapin Porter, professor in Yenching University, Peiping, China, is her son. She died November 26, 1930.

GIRLS OF THE '70S

SARAH HEWITT

SARAH HEWITT DIES; A PHILANTHROPIST

From The New York Times

Daughter of the Late Mayor Abram S. Hewitt—Granddaughter of Peter Cooper.

Founded an Arts Museum.

Artisans and Artists Benefit by Its Collections of All Sorts and Its Fine Library.

Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt, daughter of the late Abram S. Hewitt, Mayor of New York in the '80's, and granddaughter of Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, who founded Cooper Union, died yesterday at her home, 9 Lexington Avenue, where she had been confined to her bed since an operation performed in 1928. She was 71 years old.

Two brothers survive, Erskine Hewitt, lawyer and capitalist, who lived with his sister, and Edward R. Hewitt, mechanical engineer, of 48 Gramercy Park.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon in Calvary Church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street.

Inheriting much of the ability of her father and grandfather, Miss Hewitt resembled them also in her independence of action and judgment, her direct handling of problems and her sure grasp of affairs. Like her father, she was uneasy in the presence of disorder and stupidity, and like her grandfather she preferred to give the means of self-betterment rather than alms. Peter Cooper held that to give tools and training to workmen was better than doles of soup and coal.

Miss Hewitt was educated at Miss Porter's school in

Farmington, Conn., then as now noted for its exclusive clientele, an institution that has preserved a great deal of its original conservatism. Her lifework was the foundation and development of the Museum of Fine Arts at Cooper Union, which, with her sister, Eleanor, she established in 1897. Eleanor Hewitt, who died in 1924, bequeathed to Sarah Hewitt $2,200,000.

To this museum Miss Hewitt devoted a large part of her time and of her fortune, searching the world for additions to its resources so that eventually it offered to students a magnificent assemblage of furniture of every period and what has been pronounced the finest collection of textiles in existence, surpassing those of Lyons and Berlin. The director of the Berlin Museum on his visit to Cooper Union subscribed to this high opinion. For this contribution to the arts the French Government made Miss Hewitt an Officer de'Instruction and New York University awarded her the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

The museum contains a large library, in addition to its collections of objects, and every department is open to artists and artisans of all sorts with the least possible formality. Locksmiths, iron workers, builders, carpenters, upholsterers, weavers, costumers, dressmakers have found opportunities there for enlarging their knowledge of their work. Upon whatever material the art of decoration has been expended, some example is to be seen, either in photograph, model, plate or in the original.

Of late years Miss Hewitt had lessened her social activities. During the '90's and in the years following the turn of the century she was frequently a hostess at the old Hewitt mansion on Lexington Avenue, where three generations of her family have lived and a fourth is now

living. Her entertainments were apt to be original, as were the "vegetable party," when the guests represented vegetables, and the "musical party," when every known form of music was played or burlesqued.

At the Forges, the 2,000 acre Hewitt farm at Ringwood, N. J. near Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Miss Hewitt had been known for half a century to her friends and neighbors for miles around for her able administration of the estate and her personal attention to details, such as the building of stone walls and the shoeing of horses. She astonished the blacksmith by hammering out shoes on the anvil herself and, after insisting that the metal should cool so as not to hurt the horse, nailing the shoe to the hoof.

In August of this year Miss Hewitt presented to Henry Ford her collection of relics, many of them 300 years old, including eighteen carriages, one of which was used by President Lincoln and by President Roosevelt at his inauguration.

Miss Hewitt also, with her sister, Eleanor, founded the ladies' Amateur Orchestra, and both played the violin in it. Miss Hewitt became a member of the school board of Pompton, N. J., in 1898, the first woman to serve. In 1926 she gave to Cooper Union, as a memorial to her sister, an annual scholarship of $500 to send an art student to Paris for the summer. She was the author of a book on road-making, based largely on her study of the roads in the territory about Tuxedo. She was a member of the Colony Club.

GERTRUDE SHEPARD

(Mrs. Charles P. Eells)—Her Story

Going to Farmington from California in 1874 was a great adventure. We were so very far from New England, not only in distance but in standards and altho' that sat lightly on my mind, it weighed much with my parents.

The beauty of the old village enchanted me and the glory of the fall went to my head like wine. I can recall very few details of the school life but a series of pictures comes to me.

Most clear is the first view of the study Halls with their quiet beauty—Rooms to remember and to set a high standard of taste. Miss Porter's own room, where she held her English classes, was delightful too. In it I spent once a wretched ten minutes having to read a composition on "Winter"—but the friendly twinkle of Miss Porter's eyes encouraged one always—she never shriveled us with sarcasm which was Miss Langdon's weapon.

In spite of being many times shriveled I loved Miss Langdon and enjoyed immensely following her about when she arranged the roses which helped to make the drawing rooms so livable.

Do any of you remember how she put them to bed?—taking them out of the various jars and plunging them deep—heads first—in a pail of water, then reversing them for the night? This process kept them fresh for days.

In her history class she was keen to have us understand the English form of Government, and I owe many kind-

nesses to the fact that it came to me our President had more power than the King of England—and said so. "That is what I hoped you would say," she said.

The dining room looms large in my recollections. How hungry we all were in that Fall term! Miss Porter told me how many more barrels of apples and flour had to be purchased in Autumn. I sat at her table from the first. It was a privilege given me because I was to have but one year there. I can see her now at the breakfast table preparing to pour our coffee.

You all recall the three pitchers of varying sizes, placed in front of her—Into the large center one went the cream and hot milk in a foaming mixture and was the greater part of what seemed the best coffee one could have.

And while this was going on she would ask me when the hay was cut in California or the grapes gathered!

The eleven o'clock lunch of warm ginger-bread and apples and our informal rush for them is another memory of those hungry fall days.

Some of the teaching at this time was disappointing—the French teacher was the mother of many children—tired an old and often nodding over the monotonus lessons. And the instruction in drawing was poor.

Herr Brandt was interesting in the class room and absurdly pompous and amusing outside. Do you recall his humble wife following behind him in their walks and encouraged by an occasional toss of his lion-like mane and turn of his head in her direction.

The evening readings were a delight. We began the year with "Lorna Doone" and it lasted through the winter.

Five years after leaving school I went on to visit with

my baby son who was invited to sit in a high chair by Miss Porter's side. She seemed absolutely unchanged.

The next remembrance of her was just before she retired. She asked me to come on to meet Mrs. Dow and told me much about her and of her hopes in the school when it was under Mrs. Dow's charge.

It was many years later when I saw her again in the family home. She asked me to come from the Inn to supper,—a delicate New England supper of thinnest of bread and butter, strawberries, cake and tea. This was poured by Miss Elizabeth.

Two deaf old gentlemen were there, cousins of the Porters, and they carried their long ear trumpets at an angle that gave them a look of being twin archangels.

Conversation was labored and after supper Miss Porter said "come up to my room, Gertrude, so that we can be alone."

It was the last I had of her—but memories.

ISABELLE S. FITZHUGH

INSLEY

Lake Forest, Ill., August 22, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Ferry:

I enclose a few lines summing up my Farmington experience which was a very happy, but short one. I only remained there for one year and the autumn term of the following year. Trouble with my eyes made it necessary for me to leave.

Thanking you for your note,

Always affectionately yours,

Isabelle S. Fitzhugh.

I was the second youngest girl when I entered Farmington in 1869 and it may interest those who place their faith in palmestry to hear that I had the second shortest lifeline. Naturally shy, I found that to be an asset as only the most deferential behavior toward the "old girls" was countenanced. Helen Newell (Mrs. James Garfield) welcomed me and took me under her wing. I left Farmington with a great admiration for Miss Porter, a memory of my keen enjoyment of Greek history under Miss Cowles, a few warm friends and a lasting picture of the snow covered New England hills.

MRS. WILLIAM SEWARD WEBB
(Lela Vanderbilt) youngest daughter of Wm. H. Vanderbilt. One of the girls of the '70s.

FARMINGTON FIFTY YEARS AGO

*MRS. AUSTIN B. REEVE

(DARLENE STEVENS)

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Thank you, dear Robert Browning, for those lilting lines! You did not write them for us; but nothing was ever more descriptive of Farmington in this month of May, with the syringas in bloom and the wild roses running riot over the stone wall. When the day's at the morn, the lark's on the wing, and one is just sixteen, then indeed, all's right with the world!

It is fifty four years next October since I first saw Farmington: fifty four years of the most exciting development and expansion the world has ever seen; almost revolutionary in its extent. Fifty four years ago was the Victorian era of ladies and gentlemen; we did not speak of men and women, except generically.

My family visited the Centennial en masse, and at the end of our stay our elder brother was deputed to escort my sister Harper and myself to Farmington. Nowadays we would whirl up there from Philadelphia by motor,

*Album No. 54.

but in those days we went by train to New York, stayed over night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and went on the next morning. When we arrived at the little Farmington Station, I was terrible homesick, but my attention was diverted by our ride in the old stage coach and our first meal, which was at the little cottage pompously termed a hotel, kept by Mr. Whitman. Here my brother made the acquaintance of Mr. Harry Hale who was acting as escort to his two sisters, and I have reason since to believe that the two young men found solace and security in each other against this formidable feminine background which they were facing for the first time. But not the last! Oh dear No! My brother came on many times afterward to escort us back and forth. There was always a delegation of western girls to go with us so that he became quite hardened to the world of girls.

Here at the little hotel on the first day began my lifelong friendship with Elizabeth Hale. There was nothing in her apple-red cheeks and deep blue eyes to evidence that she was destined to play so important a role in the history of Farmington. Who could have guessed that the gay, lively Maggie Haines, one of the older girls whom we regarded with awe, would later marry Miss Porter's nephew, Robert Keep; and that after her too early death, Robert Keep was to marry Elizabeth Hale; and in the course of time, after his death, Elizabeth would be left sole manager of the school? How Time works our lives in and out with his shuttle of fate!

That day of our arrival we were met at the door by Miss Porter, who herself conducted us to our room, which was the tiny one at the foot of the stairs on the second floor, near her room; and here we met Margaret for the first time. Miss Porter merely said "This is Mar-

garet." Margaret Orr deserves a chapter to herself in the story of Farmington still to be written: a little, compact figure, with keen Irish eyes, rosy cheeks, and a quizzical mouth,—the friend and confidante of all the girls, and Miss Porter's right hand man. Ostensibly she was the nurse, but in those days she was everything else added thereunto.

Her room was in the wing, and it was sanctuary for many a homesick heart. Every Christmas for years the girls had asked Margaret what she wanted, and she invariably replied "A sealskin coat and a watch and chain," this being in her eyes a huge joke, as there were the most unattainable gifts she could think of. Fifty years ago these things were luxuries and not just anyone's everyday wardrobe accessories. A few years later, during my sister Blanche's stay at Farmington, Margaret received the shock of her life by being actually presented with all these gifts at Christmas. All of the girls contributed, and some of the old girls especially devoted to Margaret, sent generous checks, and the necessary sum was raised. Among my sister's friends who participated in this happy plot, whom you may have known were: Lizzie Shaw, now Mrs. Moses Wentworth, and *Isabel Corwith Cramer. Margaret Blaine was also one of the group. You know her now as Mrs. Walter Damrosch. As a girl she possessed a sparkling personality, with much of the wonderful fascination of her father, James G. Blaine. I always wished she might have lived in Chicago; she could have given so much to us.

To obtain a correct picture of early Farmington one should know that the school had its inception in Miss

*Album No. 10.

Porter's first teaching a few girls in the village in the year 1843. Before many months had passed she had three or four boarders who came from Hartford, Springfield, and New Haven. These first boarders lived with her in her father's house which was the parsonage. Her father, the Rev. Noah Porter, was minister of the Congregational Church of Farmington for sixty years; and many times in the old Church your eyes have rested upon the tablet erected to his memory, I am sure.

Classes were held at first in a small house no longer standing which was situated on Main Street about half way between the present school building and the Inn. Soon after 1850, Miss Porter rented the present Main House, which subsequently she purchased. It used to be a tavern on the post road to Hartford. With much crowding it accommodated about forty girls. As the school outgrew Main House, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler consented to receive some of the girls into their old commodious mansion just across the street, and the first delegation going out from the Main House gave it the name of the *"Colony." Dr. Wheeler was the physician in attendance at the school. In the seventies the only other houses where girls stayed were Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Cowles. Miss Porter's two unmarried sisters, Miss Lizzie and Miss Maria, lived in their father's house. One really belonged after receiving an invitation there to tea. Tea in those days meant six o'clock supper, and consisted of cold meat, bread or biscuit, sponge or fruit cake, and preserves. Salads were unknown, and layer cake came later. Saturday nights at Study Hall tea we had hot chocolate, which was a great treat. But how little were the cups, and we could have only one, alas!

*On Page 148.

The school house on the hill had just been built, and was scarcely furnished. The school was limited to seventy five girls, and this was more than could be comfortably taken care of. Three girls occupied one room, and there was no place for a sick girl except her bed in her room with two other occupants. When my mother wrote Miss Porter to ask if my sister and I could have separate beds as my sister was not strong, Miss Porter replied, "It would seem that two sisters might occupy the same bed." She was only reflecting the customs of those days. After all it was not much more than one hundred and fifty years after those New England days of Cotton Mather when the whole family, including the serving maid, occupied the same bed with the master and mistress, four at the head and four at the foot, as he so quaintly describes.

There was no infirmary, no gymnasium, no tennis court, nor basket ball field. The principal exercise was walking. If you did not walk when you went to Farmington, as I did not for I had been brought up with horses, you had to learn, and the sooner the better. My joy came in the Spring term when we rode horse back almost daily. I still hold in affectionate remembrance, Lily, black as coal, easy gaited and swift as the wind; and John Connor, the good natured head of the stables, pounding behind me on his iron gray.

My riding suit was made at Lord and Taylor's; my jockey cap at Knox's next door on Fifth Avenue, New York. The skirt came just over my stirrup as I sat in the saddle, but what really created a sensation were the trousers, the first we had ever seen for equestriennes. I have a picture of my father and mother on horseback taken in 1856, just twenty years previous to my Lord and Tay-

lor costume. My mother's skirt flows over the horse voluminously and comes within a few inches of the ground. From her wide hat floats an ostrich plume. My father's dess is even more impressive. He is clad in a Prince Albert coat and gray trousers, and on his head a tall beaver hat, or "stove pipe" as it was later irreverently called. He looks exactly like a bridegroom on his way to his morning wedding. Mother in her brown checked silk and plumed hat might have been a bride. No wonder my trousers and jockey cap astonished them.

In the winter term we coasted down the school house hill, and drove a pony sleigh. "Jingle bells and a one-horse open sleigh" sound well in the college glee club, but the reality is the coldest form of fun in the world. Dancing was not permitted. At Study Hall tea on Saturday evenings we conversed or listened to music. I think that my generation really cultivated the gentle art of conversation; we expected to pass most of our evenings at home, and there to entertain our guests. Miss Porter read aloud in the evening, and she was a delightful reader. Reading aloud was taught as one of the accomplishments of a gentlewoman, as was sewing a fine seam or making a neat button hole. In the seventies, Miss Porter read to us George Eliot, and eagerly did we look forward to the evenings, to learn the fate of Romola and Tito. Never did Miss Porter skip the love passages, but read every impassioned word with an expression which only enhanced their strength and beauty. Did she not in this show her perspicacity and knowledge of the youthful hearts to whom she was ministering? Does anyone read George Eliot nowadays, or Dickens, or Thackery, or Charles Reade? Yes, a few of us old antiques when we are wearied to death of the modern shallows, and go back

into the deeps of the Victorian Era to refresh our souls in the limpid waters of its great and illustrious literature.

One of my happiest memories of those days is the acquaintance we had with the Hartford group of literati, who lived on Farmington Avenue, and who used to visit the school. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, and William Gillette, who later became the distinguished actor of Sherlock Holmes fame; also, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her white haired husband, Dr. Stowe. Very sad were the latter in those days, for their beloved son had met death by drowning, while a student at Dartmouth College. One of Mrs. Stowe's most beautiful poems was written after this event; entitled "Only a Year." Mark Twain was also one of the group.

Shall I pause to tell an original Mark Twain anecdote which has never been published? It was an exceedingly hot day in June and Mr. Clemens (as we called him, of course) came in and announced to his wife that he had just been over to call on Mrs. Stowe. Mrs. Clemens was as practical and sensible as Mark Twain's wife ought to be; and she exclaimed after observing him, "Why, Samuel, did you go over to Mrs. Stowe's without your collar and necktie, and looking like that?" After she had repeated this two or three times, Mr. Clemens called the man servant, and laying a spick span starched collar and a brand new tie on a silver salver directed the man to take it over to Mrs. Stowe's and present it to her with Mr. Clemens' compliments. I heard Mrs. Stowe tell this with great enjoyment.

Almost forty years later when one of my sons graduated from Yale, it was a great pleasure to meet the Rev. Joseph Twichell, the beloved Hartford minister of those days and neighbor and friend of Mark Twain, and to

KARL KLAUSER

see him receive an honorary degree. We renewed our acquaintance at President Hadley's house that evening. He was an old, old man; but how he laughed when I told him about my first meeting Mark Twain at the Charles Smith home in Hartford. Like a bumptious school girl, I said to Mark Twain that I had never read his "Innocents Abroad." I don't know to this day why I said such an unmannerly thing, but Mark Twain laughed heartily and replied, "That makes me think of a story Mr. Longfellow told at his seventy fifth anniversary last week in Boston. He said that a young Englishman had come to call on him, and after Longfellow's greeting, the youth stammered forth: "I have been travelling the past year, visiting all the ruins of the Old World; after which I decided to see those of the New. So—I am starting in with you, Mr. Longfellow!"

Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the elder, famous conductor, father of handsome Walter, was a great friend of Mr. Klauser's; and came often to Farmington in my day. In the summer of 1877 occurred the first presentation of Parsival at Beyreuth, under the direction of Frau Wagner herself. It was stipulated in Wagner's will that the work could not be presented until so many years after his death, and that the first presentation must be at Beyreuth.

This was considered the greatest event the musical world had ever known. Mr. Klauser and Miss Lina his daughter, who taught the younger pupils, together with Dr. Damrosch and many other musicians from America went to Germany for the grand opening day. I have never forgotten Miss Lina's description of her part in it. Their ship was delayed and they were late in arriving, and had to hurry at last to reach the theater and find their seats in the immense auditorium packed to the dome. The day

HERR BRANDT

was warm; the lights were darkened, deepest silence reigned, and the tired travellers relaxed gratefully. The great trained orchestra composed of hundreds of instruments began; the first violin softly took up the motif, the second violin joined in, the gentle swell of sound increasing with the cellos and violas; and the last thing Miss Lina knew was that she was floating on celestial music straight up to heaven. When she awoke with a start, she looked apprehensively at her father and then at Dr. Damrosch,—she was sitting between them. In the twilight pervading the theater they had not apparently noticed her. What would her father think who had made such an effort and sacrifice to cross the seas that she might see and hear this greatest of compositions if he knew that she had slept through the overture! Months after their return home she braced herself to confess, saying, "Father, I don't know what you will think, but that opening day of Parsival at Beyreuth, I—I fell asleep." She got no further. Her father took her hand, looked about him, and whispered, "Hush, Child! So did I!" The conspirators never told Dr. Damrosch; but often wondered what he might have revealed, if they had.

Nothing could present a greater contrast between the days of 1876 and those of 1930 than our dress. As I think of it now, I realize that it was the age of cotton. Our mothers and grandmothers lived in the linen age, but we lived when Cotton was King. We wore white cotton stockings and white cotton underwear: the word lingerie was unknown except in French novels. I cannot even imagine what Miss Porter would think of the modern nightgown. In one of my old letters from Farmington to my mother are the words, "Have you ordered our winter dresses yet? I don't care what the material is, but it

Frances Dewey

Elizabeth Hale
Mrs. Robert Porter Keep

Margaret Pomeroy
Mrs. Marshall Washburn

Maude Hoyt

Bertha James

Norton

Klauser baby

Nellie Jennings
Mrs. Walter James

Sallie Green
Mrs. Thomas Thacher

must be made with a polonaise and high collar, and I want the underskirt made long so I can wear a bustle." My best dress for Saturday evening Study Hall and for Sunday (note that one dress answered for both occasions) was a black gros grain silk trimmed with velvet and fringe. Grandmother would think it too old for her these days. I carried the train in my left hand as I walked to church; in my other hand was my parasol, lace handkerchief, and fan: three things no lady ever went without. This particular dress was made by the famous Mrs. Nodine at Field and Leiter's. Our dresses actually weighed pounds. The skirt was lined throughout with heavy silesia. It was faced with buckram half a yard wide (this was a sort of haircloth), and the entire skirt was bound with stout mohair braid. Once I put my sealskin coat on the scales. It weighed exactly ten pounds. We were crippled by our clothing; and I have always credited Miss Porter for emancipating us with the blows she struck to free us from our shackles. One summer she sent a notice to each girl's parents saying that no trains on school or street dresses would be allowed, and that bustles were absolutely prohibited. Firmly she adhered to this resolution forever after; and I have always felt that she was the original moving force to whom the American woman owes her independent adherence to short street suits, against which Paris has thundered in vain through the years. Just why Paris has fought for long skirts has never been known until this past year, when Paris revolutionized the styles over night. During the warfare which ensued the secret came out. It was divulged by M. Worth the younger, when he visited New York last fall. He said that there was an immense difference between the Latin figure and that of the Anglo-Saxon; that the French

MRS. ADRIAN VAN SINDEREN
(Mary Brinsmade)

woman's lower limbs were short, thick, and ungraceful, and she wanted them hidden. He advised the American and French women to agree to disagree on this important subject. *Chacun son gout,* dear old Madam Cherpentier's favorite motto, might be applied in this case.

As I went to Farmington so many years, and as my sisters, Harper and Blanche were there, and still later my niece, I knew a large number of girls, extending over a long period of time. Among my immediate contemporaries were: Helen Ruger, daughter of General Ruger, Commandant of West Point; Fanny Gardner, who married Frank Russell Johnson, brother of the twins, Hattie and Carrie Johnson,—and died after one brief year of married life; Celia Jennings; Mary Brinsmade, who married Adrian Van Sinderen, thus keeping up her distinction of being the only one of her name in the Brooklyn Directory; Ella Adams, from far away California, the most brilliant and intellectual student of our day at Farmington; and Amy Duryee, whose beautiful home, filled with older brothers and sisters, was a fascinating place to visit in vacations, overflowing with hospitality and kindness. There was also Sallie Hewett, granddaughter of Peter Cooper, and daughter of Abram S. Hewett, Democratic Congressman from New York, and warm personal friend and neighbor of Samuel J. Tilden, the then Democratic nominee for president. Sallie was the leader of the Democratic girls in the Tilden demonstration versus Hayes during the presidential controversy of '76. Lila Vanderbilt, later Mrs. Wm. Seward Webb of New York, sunny hearted and lovable, and full of witty anecdotes, kept our little group laughing at Study Hall Tea Saturday evenings, and introduced us to the Duchess novels "Phyllis," and "Molly Bawn." Elizabeth

Hale and I, who had browzed all our young lives in the company of "The Wide Wide World," the "Lamplighter," "Pride and Prejudice," and such classics, dipped for the first time into the thrilling chocolate cream of literature. I must not forget Marcia Flagg, whose lovely face, and character, made even the inscrutable Miss Loesch melt in the Botany class. One day when we were studying the lily family including iris and flags, Miss Loesch astonished us by saying, with a smile at Marcia, "Sweet flag grows in marshy places."

But dearest of all my friends, has been Alida Sprague, of Providence, R. I., now Mrs. Henry Allen Whitmarsh. Our families adopted one another from the first: parents, brothers, sisters, even the in-laws. We became as though related by blood. Our children think that we are. The Sprague family trekked often to the west to visit us; and we were forever "going east," as we called it in those days. We visited summers together at Narragansett, Nantucket, Magnolia, Swampscott; and after Alida and I were married, we took cottages on Martha's Vineyard, where our children learned to swim and sail in safe old Edgartown harbor. When my sister Blanche's boy, Bronson Tolman, married Alida's daughter Martha—for whom he had waited twelve years to grow up,—we felt that our half century of Farmington friendship had indeed been glorified by real romance.

Among the teachers at Farmington, Mr. Brandt was the outstanding personality. Only the advanced pupils took his courses in Political Economy, German Literature, Mental Philosophy (now called Psychology), and Moral Philosophy, to which we always gave the full title of the text book used, rattling it off impressively: "Law of Love and Love as a Law, Christian Ethics with an

Appendix." Mr. Brandt taught by the pleasant continental method of lecturing; and it was wise to listen with attention, for he had a way of pouncing suddenly with an abstruse question for which one must not be taken unawares. He was a dreamy, introspective man, with a sensitive mouth and a leonine head of auburn curls set on stalwart shoulders: an impressive, manly figure, as I gaze upon his portrait on memory's wall. He was an ordained clergyman of the Lutheran denomination. Only because he felt the necessity of living in the country for the sake of his own health and that of his family, was he persuaded to become the head of Miss Porter's faculty. He was a man of great learning and a whimsical sense of humor.

One of my memories of Farmington clusters about the four o'clock Study Hour, when we could pursue our studies either in our own room or in one of the three Study Halls. If we sat in the back study Hall which was above the kitchens, we could hear Sam the cook's melodious voice floating up from below: "Swing low, Sweet Chariot, coming for to carry me home,"—as he punctuated the bread dough with his lyrical periods.

One afternoon while sitting on the dress box by the window in the back Study Hall, studying and listening to Sam, I rested my tired brain by penciling the following lines on the fly leaf of my Moral Philosophy. My only excuse for inserting it here is because when my niece Gladys Templeton went to Farmington twenty-five years later she found the lines still circulating as one of the school traditions.

Ten Little Moral Girls

Ten little Moral girls
Sitting in a line,
One "flunked" badly,
And then there were nine!

Nine little Moral girls
All of whom were late;
One never came at all,
And then there were eight!

Eight little Moral girls
Learning way to heaven;
One found it much too hard,
And then there were seven!

Seven little Moral girls,
One of whom sticks
On the puzzling "Law of Love,"
And then there were six!

Six little Moral girls,
How hard they strive;
One worked herself to death
And then there were five!

Five little Moral girls
Look towards the door;
One went in search of him,
And then there were four!

Four little Moral girls
Learn that Will is Free.
One said, "If so, I'll cut."
And then there were three!

Three little Moral girls,
Faithful and true,
One died of goodness,
And then there were two!

Two little Moral girls
Thought it lots of fun;
One laughed herself to death,
And then there was one!

One little Moral girl
Left to say "Well done,"
She choked in saying it,—
And then there were none!

No little Moral girls!
Herr Brandt, don't fear;
Ten other better girls
Will come next year!

The ten little Moral girls were: Alida Sprague, Reba Gregory, Ella Adams, Lila Vanderbilt, May Carnochan, Maude Hoyt, Sallie Hewett, Addie Ricker, Nellie Jennings, and Darlene Stevens.

I have never read any sketch of Miss Porter's life which seemed at all adequate. Some wise person once said: "The State of Connecticut contains only three men, and Sarah Porter is one of them." Her mother once remarked: "Noah (that was the son who in my day was president of Yale), Noah may have the brains of the family, but Sarah has the backbone." In the East, people used to say: "Send your girls to Miss Porter or to College." Small and slight of statue, with masculine features almost incongrous on so slender a body, hesitant of

speech, and with a complete absence of manner. Miss Porter always gave anyone meeting her for the first time a surprise. There was nothing to suggest one's preconceived idea of the principal of an educational institution, or the head of a fashionable boarding school. The first thing that people learned was that neither of these titles was in Miss Porter's curriculum. It took a little longer to learn that behind the shy hesitancy of speech lay a matchless poise of soul; and that into that frail figure was woven the elastic fibre of a long line of hardy New England ancestry; and that that homely face was like the homeliness of Savanarola, or Cicero, or George Eliot.

In this latter day of expansion when no two members of our family can share the same room, I recall with wonder Miss Porter's little chamber on the second floor, in which she slept, dressed, kept her books, conducted her large correspondence, and held her classes; for Miss Porter was her own housekeeper, bookkeeper, and secretary. To this little room we often would be summoned on Sunday evenings for a confidential chat; and to this day I remember Miss Porter's expression when to her inquiries I ventured to reply that I had not cared for the sermon that day and thought the minister, on the whole, a very uninteresting speaker. "But you all seemed so interested," she exclaimed; and my pent up soul burst its bonds in the reply: "Why, Miss Porter, we were all trying to see who could sit up the straightest when we were asleep!" Though she said, "Tut, tut," she also laughed, for she possessed the saving sense of humor.

Her classes were a revelation of her cultural background and exhaustless fund of information on every subject. She rose at four each morning to spend an hour with her Greek authors, for she read Greek as readily as Eng-

lish. She trained us meticulously in our manner of speech; and every year President Monroe of the Boston School of Oratory gave us lessons in voice culture. She expressed the hope that through these lessons our local inflexion and enunciation would be eradicated; and that, as she would say, "East, West, North and South be brought to one well of pure undefiled English."

One of the girls had a very characteristic way of speaking, which I know not how to describe except by calling it a catch of breath between each word. After listening to her read, President Monroe said, 'I can cure you of that manner of speech if you will let me.' We all sat perfectly still wondering how he would proceed, when Miss Porter, who was sitting in the rear of the hall, unknown to us, spoke up hastily, 'We do not want it cured, we like it. It is her individuality; she would not be Alice to us without Alice's voice.'

*"Sweet Alice Holmes! We have never a doubt but that thine was one of the first of her girls' voices for Miss Porter to hear and know in the heavenly choir!

I should like to close this little etching of Miss Porter with an incident which explains her character better than any words. One bitterly cold day, a laundress—one of the very least of those in Miss Porter's household—died after a brief but severe illness. The day set for the funeral, a furious snow storm was raging. Margaret, seeing Miss Porter making preparations, remonstrated with her, saying: "Nobody will know if you don't go, Miss Porter. There won't be any one there, anyway." Miss Porter continued to put on her overshoes, and drawing on her waterproof, replied gently: "That is the very reason I am going, Margaret." Nothing in my school life at Far-

*Album No. 53.

mington has influenced me more through my life than the thought behind those simple words. I was not aware of it for a number of years, but now I know that it has been the prick which has spurred me many times when indulgance and duty clashed. No lowly ministry for those about her did she think beneath her untiring hands. Nothing to her was a trifle; and thus she stood with her brimming cup ready to share it. Not like a star did her soul dwell apart from mortals; she moved in her orbit close to earth's children, teaching by her own life the great lessons of simplicity, sincerity, service, responsibility to one's self and to others; and these were the attributes of Miss Porter's character; and in so far as any of us achieve these attributes just so far are we real Farmington coin and not spurious.

Miss Porter never published any list of her students; and as the girls were not graduated, there was no Alumnae. So it was natural that in each city where girls had gone to Farmington there should be reunions, which gradually developed into Farmington Societies. The first was the New York Society. We girls from other places used to consider it a great privilege to attend one of its meetings. The first that I ever attended was in 1880, at the New York home of one of the girls who was recognized as a favorite pupil of Miss Porter's. I can remember to this day—sixty years afterward—the Babel of voices, and the discomfort of eating our luncheon standing up, and the fact that we had canned raspberries which we speared with a fork! I was immensely impressed by the scrambled casualness of New York hospitality; but it was explained to me afterward that the meetings were meant to be informal and picnic-like;—I can testify that this one certainly was.

GIRLS OF THE '80S

MRS. HOWARD VAN DORAN SHAW

MRS. HOWARD VAN DOREN SHAW

Her Contribution to our Collection

Dear Mrs. Ferry:

I think it a beautiful thought to have a book of old Farmington memories. I am pleased to be asked to contribute a small but precious memory of my own time there. The following letter is a combination of three that I found in a chest in my own attic here at "Ragdale on the Green Bay Road, Lake Forest." As you know I have three daughters and five grandchildren and this house was built by Howard Shaw about thirty-five years ago so the attic begins to have an atmosphere like that in the old house where the Black Maria left me on my first arrival at Farmington.

Farmington 1889.

Dear Lucy:

Such a spree as we had last night! Four of the Yale Glee Club boys came down from New Haven and serenaded us under our window after dark. We are about a block this side of the graveyard in the house with the big white columns and they found our window with out any trouble. There is a grape arbor just under it over the well. A funny thing happened right when they were singing the Spanish Cavalier the banjo suddenly gave an awful squack and my dear—he had stepped plum into a big pan of wet chicken feed. So unromantic!

I'm afraid they heard us giggling for all the others were in our room dodging down below the window sill so not to be seen.

HOUSE WITH THE BIG WHITE COLUMNS

Some other boys came along with the seranaders one of them is a junior from Chicago, a particular friend of mine. He is the one who drew the picture in the whole center page of the Yale Record and called it "Farmington—Yale's Annex." It had lots of sketches of the girls—one in plaid shawls and rubber boots walking with their arms about each other and one of the windows of the main building just crowded with girls faces and under it the title, "Sometimes there's a man in sight!" We all thought it too funny, but the day after it came out Miss Porter called us all together and she spoke very solemnly about the picture, and said it should be a lesson to us, and to be more careful in the future. All the girls ordered copies of the Yale Record and the edition was all sold out. Well, the fellow who drew the picture is my friend Howard Shaw from home—you know the tall one. He is going to be an architect and he illustrates all his letters to me. The last one had a heart with an arrow through it. Wasn't that cute? Did I tell you how last week he left a 2 pound box marshmallows under the rose plank of the side walk out in front? I got a note telling me to look there after he had gone, so I sneaked out after dark and there it was! Grace and I had the swellest marshmallow roast after the lamps were out, over our candles in bed. Miss Hillard heard us and came and looked in, in her red wrapper, but we blew the candles out before the door opened. She always wears squeaky shoes. I think she does on purpose. She is reading aloud in the evening from a book called "Old Wives and Daughters," by Mrs. Gaskell. I am embroidering a table cover for Aunt Mary and she always looks up at me when she reads the love parts because she says I always blush so easily. I wonder if I do!

I'm going to the Yale Prom even if I have to say Howard is my cousin. He says we are all descended from Adam so it won't be a story. The fields are full of Violets and the garden behind the Main House is too. Grace and I walk every day to the river and sit on the rock right over the dam and talk about the men we know.

I wonder if we'll keep knowing these same ones when we get out of school. I hope so. I was seventeen last month and feel terribly old. It will be funny to be all through with my education. Write me soon.

Your loving friend,
Fannie Wells,
(Now called Frances, for the first time).

Extracts from another letter to Mrs. Ferry:

I wanted to say as a P. S. "Reader I married him" but thought perhaps the preface implied that. As for our children, Evelyn, as you know, married John McCutcheon, the cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune. They have three boys and their travel activities can be found in Evelyns Bryn Mawr Alumnae record of this year. Class of 1914. Gobi Desert—Flying over the Andes, Etc. Sylvia, our second daughter, is a sculptor. She has taken prizes in Exhibitions of American Artists, and enjoys working in her studio in her spare time. She married Clay Judson of Ky.—a lawyer—and has two children, a boy and a girl. Her father would be pleased at her continued zeal for her art. Our youngest daughter, Frances Theodora, is just finishing college and I am having a tea for her before her nineteenth birthday here at Ragdale, in the attic of which, I found the enclosed material about Farmington days.

Mrs. Shaw, belonging to a family of artists was en-

veloped in an atmosphere of self expression. Hers took the form of poetry. I have asked her for her favorite poems and she has kindly sent me the following creations of her own published in various periodicals, but primarily in Poetry of which Chicago is justly proud. It had a most original and uinque start, this magazine called Poetry, established for the purpose of publishing and judging the poems presented to them; many of which, naturally found their way to the scrap basket, while a goodly number won prizes and places for themselves in this magazine of which Harriet Monroe is the founder, owner and publisher. Mrs. Shawes poems are given below with names of the periodicals in which they appeared:

WHO LOVES THE RAIN

(From the Poetry Magazine)

Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes,
Him will I follow through the storm;
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

DIAMOND GLEN

THE GARDEN OF NO-DELIGHT

(From Literary Digest, Oct. 16, 1926)

A pale and wasted moonlight falls
On lawns of velvet green;
Twelve stately fountains trickle down
To pools that lie unseen.
These fountain pools still wait unstirred—
No image falls therein;
Their mirrors, like a witless soul,
Know neither joy nor sin.

A thousand tulips edge the paths,
A thousand fringe the glades;
The heavy purple moonflower drapes
The marble balustrades.
Tomorrow will the tulips fade,
And gardners will spade them up,
And toil unpraised, till thousands more
Upraise their empty cup.

The shadows hold no glad retreat
Of lover or of maid;
Along the empty terraces
No child has ever played.
No echo lies upon this air;
Winds weep among the trees.
Wistful tonight this garden lies,
Hungering for memories.

THE LAST GUEST

(From the Century Magazine)

Why have you lit so bright a fire
For chatterers to sit about,
While wistful at the door,
And lonely at the door,
One waits without?

Why have you spread so rich a feast
For careless and insatiate,
While eager at the door,
And wanly at the door,
Waits one most delicate?

When the night deepens, and the guests
Have passed to some new clamorous goal,
Let in the quiet one,
Let in the longing one;
Close to the last red embers draw
Your welcome soul.

LAURA MAYFIELD

(Fictitious Name)—Her Story

I shall never forget an incident of my life at school! It was at the end of my last term, and I was on crutches because of an injured ankle.

In those days there were several phaetons (drawn by small horses) that we girls were allowed to drive. In consequence of my injury I was able to have one nearly every day. One day I started out with another girl, who, being from Hartford, knew how beautiful the drive around the Hartford Reservoir was. Going there had been especially forbidden to the girls—so I (of course!)—was especially anxious to try it!

That day, for the first time, I did not take my crutches along, as they were always in the way, and I had no intention of getting out of the carriage.

We drove to the Reservoir, and were on the road that circled it when we suddenly came upon a wide deep cut that ran across the road, directly in front of us, and that was far too wide to cross! Evidently a "wash-out," which made the drive impassable. What to do was a question! The other girl did not know a thing about horses or harnessing, and I was unable to take a step without my crutches! We simply *had* to get that carriage turned around, yet the road was too narrow to do so, at least with the horse attached! So I hopped around on my one good foot, holding to the horse for support, and managed to unharness him. The other girl did wonders in turning the phaeton around; and then I harnessed the horse up again. And I certainly took great pains to make *sure* that

every strap and buckle was just as it had been; for I well knew what an eagle eye the head coachman, Conner, had for details!

Next day word came that Miss Porter wished to see me in her room! Scared is no name for it! I was simply shaking when I reached her room! As I knocked on her door and entered in response to her "Come in," she was writing at her desk, and did not look up for some moments; then——

"You drove to the Hartford Reservoir yesterday, didn't you, Laura?"

"Yes, Miss Porter."

"Didn't you know that it was against the rules?"

"Yes, Miss Porter."

"Then why did you go there?"

"Because I wanted to see it, Miss Porter, and I was afraid I might not have another chance."

"But you *knew* you were doing wrong?"

"Yes, Miss Porter."

"Well, well! Tell me all about it; what did you do when you reached there?"

So I told her the whole adventure, just as it happened. Then——"But—but—but—*how* did you know about harnessing a horse, who taught you?"

I said that my father had us all taught to harness a horse before we were allowed to drive alone; that he considered that everyone who drove should know how.

"Splendid," said Miss Porter, "I wish *all* my girls were taught that; they *ought* to be—I'll see what can be done about it. Good idea!—very good idea!—*excellent! !* But, Laura, are you not sorry that you broke the rule about going to the Reservoir, and were in such a predicament?"

"No, Miss Porter, I did so want to see the drive, and I am glad I went—it was *wonderful!*"

"Yes—yes—it *is* a beautiful drive! I think I am glad, too, that you saw it—only don't break any more rules before you go!"

"No, Miss Porter, I *promise;* but may I ask just one thing? *How* did Conner know that we had been on that drive? I tried to be so careful in fixing everything just as it had been—every single buckle!"

"Oh! Conner told me that he couldn't understand that—the harness was in perfect order, but that the mud on the wheels could only have come from that one place—so he knew!"

Then, before I was dismissed, a chuckle from Miss Porter, another chuckle, then a good laugh—so hard that she had to wipe the tears from her eyes!

Then——

"I do wish I could have been there, Laura! To think of you hopping around that horse, and harnessing him! ! Splendid! Splendid! But don't do it again!"

And I went out to the sound of more chuckles.

Another high light!

Study-hour—and I the room-mate to stay in our room. I had finished my studying, and was clearing out my bureau. Coming to the small lowest drawer (the "Slipper-drawer, as it was called) a mouse jumped up—almost in my face! Of course I let out a yell, and, as Miss Porter's room was next, she appeared in my door almost immediately.

Miss Porter—"What did you scream for, Laura?"

Laura—"A *mouse,* Miss Porter! It jumped right out ou this drawer!"

Miss Porter—"Why didn't you de-de-*detain* it?"

Laura—"I *couldn't,* Miss Porter—it ran away!"

Miss Porter—"Oh!"

Then she suddenly saw the joke, and sank down on a bed and laughed, and laughed! !

And another time—we had sneaked in a paper bag of chocolate-creams, and Miss Porter appeared at the door while we were starting to eat them. As I was nearest the bed I put them behind me, and lay back on the bed.

Miss Porter—"What is the matter, Laura? Do you feel ill?"

Laura—"Oh, just my back, Miss Porter, I have to lie down a great deal."

Miss Porter—"Yes—yes—I see. I will send someone for Margaret (the nurse—dear Margie) at once. You must not move until she comes, and I will stay with you!"

Imagine the state of those chocolates when I did get up!

MRS. JAMES R. GARFIELD

(HELEN NEWELL)

Mrs. Garfield endeared herself to all whom she met and as a striking personality among her Farmington friends. We all turned to her when a new undertaking was started, knowing that if she took hold of it it was sure to succeed.

It was heartbreaking to us all to learn of her tragic death occasioned by an automobile accident.

Mrs. Reeve expressed what passed through the minds and hearts of us all when she wrote her sister, "Such a vivid, relint and forcible personality to be extinguished like a candle makes one almost question the wisdom of Eternal Goodness."

Helen Newell was born in Cleveland, February 12th, 1866. Her father was John Newell; her mother, Judith Rose Hills who was born in West Newbury, Mass.

Helen went to Miss Porter's School at Farmington October, 1884, remaining two years.

She was married to James Rudolph Garfield of Cleveland, Ohio, December 30th, 1890. She had four sons.

To go back to her life in Chicago, she was the founder of The Farmington Society of Chicago in 1886,

The following letter was received from Miss Porter soon after the founding of this society:

Farmington, Dec. 5, 1886.

My Dear Helen:

I intended to send through you before the second meeting of your Farmington Society some word of by pleas-

ure at your finding in your memories of us a bond of union and an inspiration to work of love for others; but I trust my delay will be excused, and I send to every one of your band my grateful love.

I need not write of the deep pleasure I have in all that is implied in your association as regarding you or myself in relation to you. You have chosen in a children's hospital an object appealing to your tender sympathy, and I hope you will be so happy as to know that your work is truly helpful.

I will not express to you all that I hope for from you in every relation of your lives so happy and privileged as they are—for I think you already know this.

I shall hope from time to time to hear of your prosperity and shall I not have a list of your names?

Most affectionately, truly yours,

Sarah Porter.

Mrs. Garfield's address at the 25th anniversary meeting of the Farmington Society of Chicago we have decided to introduce right here as her contribution to the Symposium.

"Mrs. President and fellow Farmington Girls: It affords me the keenest pleasure to be with you on this occasion. I have followed your work from afar and have been gratified to see the achievement of this branch. It seems difficult for those of the Farmington Society present today to realize that it began with a little group of members scarcely larger than its brave list of officers.

"Being a member of the School at the time of its 50th reunion when the founding of the Lodge took place, I was greatly impressed by the strength of the 'old girl' spirit—and felt that we of the West who lived too far

from the direct influence of the Lodge work should be privileged to organize a branch, working together for some local charity, thus showing our loyalty to Miss Porter, the School and the things she stood for. Consulting Fannie Hamill Phelps, we worked out a plan and called a meeting of those we then knew in our city. From that our Society has grown and taken its place in the front ranks of Farmington organizations. That from time to time there have been lapses in attendance signified naught in this age of occupation; the loyalty and devotion to Sarah Porter never waivered.

"Perhaps Miss Porter's was not a school boasting the highest scholarship but one which gave its pupils the best preparation for life. Miss Porter's faith and confidence in her girls developed the best in them and profoundly influenced their formation of character which will be handed down to their children's children.

"Being a great student herself, Miss Porter welcomed the student with true sympathy and there was every opportunity for her progress; but Miss Porter felt the woman was of more importance than merely the student. Miss Porter arose at four each morning to spend an hour with her Greek authors before the day's work began, and who will forget the stores of knowledge of which she gave us glimpses in "General X" class!

"One incident of the reunion occurs to me,—standing not far from Miss Porter when she received the long line of "old girls," some with hair whiter than her own, many of whom she had not seen since they left school, she called each by name and had a personal greeting for her. At one face, however, she hesitated and the little expression of perplexity crept into Miss Porter's face. Seeing this, the 'old girl' quickly said, "Oh, Miss Porter, I am the

worst girl you ever had." Immediately Miss Porter's face brightened and she pronounced the name.

"One of my happiest recollections was just before my marriage. I was spending the night at Miss Porter's home. About nine o'clock she suggested I might be tired and leaving the three sisters in the library she went with me to my room, where, sitting on the bed beside me, we talked of her interests and mine. Among hers, the plan to ask the help of the girls in buying the property at the corner in order to remove objectionable buildings and create a park. She had not the means to do this unaided. No detail of my wedding plans were too trivial for her sympathetic interest, and the manner in which she referred to a woman's opportunity in the new life about to open and the mutual service to each other and to those our lives would touch was most beautiful.

"It was eleven o'clock when she bade me good-night and went to her room.

"What 'old girl' will ever forget 'her room' situated on the top floor of her house overlooking the lovely valley dear to us all, where seated in her particular little rocking chair, her presence radiated its never failing inspiration, where the girls met her as friend and comrade, not as the head of the school.

"To those among us today who are not Farmington girls, I can best express our attitude towards Miss Porter in the word 'Disciple'—for truly she was a 'master,' and we sat at her feet learning not only book lore but of those things of the Spirit which has been the strength of Sarah Porter's girls and will be for generations to come."

Besides founding the Farmington Society of Chicago, Mrs. Garfield worked in the Cleveland Farmington Society and the Visiting Nurses Association, etc. During

the war time she had charge of the R. C. Supplies of the Lake District also of French orphans in Ohio and of the Belgium Relief Fund. She was chairman of the National Cathedral Association of Washington, D. C. (Cleveland Committee) for Northern Ohio. Mrs. Garfield started the Farmington luncheons held annually in New York to help bring the members together and to keep up their interests of the old School at Farmington.

Mrs. Garfield died in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 20th, 1930, two days after an automobile accident near there.

ONE OF THE GIRLS

MRS. WILLIAM MANN
(Julie Mannier)

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FARMINGTON

BY

JULIE MANIERRE MANN

The quaint little village of Farmington, with its arching Elm trees shading the ancient streets, where Washington's troops once trod.

*The little Colonial church with its exquisitly slender spire, brooding over the country side, where it has held its gentle sway for hundreds of years.

The graveyard near, where one may see the old moss covered stones with the quaintest of epitaths, dating back to before the revolution times.

Arriving at the little station of Farmington by the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., the newcomer was thrilled by the first glimpse of the famous old stage coach, which looked as though it had been snatched from the pages of a colonial novel, with its rotund body suspended by straps of steel, one felt as though they were entering a most perilous thing, especially if one sat on the roof, as I did the first time. With the trunks and luggage piled on behind it seemed almost nip and tuck as to whether the trunks or the horses would keep the balance of power.

At length, swinging along under its heavy burden we eventually drew up before the old brick house, which in colonial times had served as an inn, but which was the "Main House," where the "Old Girls" were assigned to rooms on the various floors according to the number of years of their attendance. Second hallers, 3rd hallers, and 4th hallers. The higher the older, or the older the higher, and the most trustworthy being the assumption.

Of the old girls who were there while I was, the names of Adelaid Hamilton, Gwethelyn Jones, Molly Prentice, Ruth Hannah, Nancy Carnegi, Fanny Stotesburg, Alice Thaw, Edith Hoyt, and a host of others come to me, others of my contemporaries were Winifred Barrett, Catherine Williams, Edith Blair and Lucy Blair coming the year after.

Regardless of the prominance and wealth represented by any pupil, of whom there were many, an even standard of appearances was maintained and, if any arrived with elaborate clothes or jewelry—they were requested not to wear them. One girl who came while I was there brought with her full sets of rubbies, sapphires to match her various gowns etc. which, needless to say, she was obliged to return at once to her mother.

Our usual garb was a golf skirt and shirt waist, a cape and a tam, with sensible shoes—and Miss Porter never forgot to remind us to be sure to wear our "India Rubber gums" if it rained!

But, of all the teachers, I came more closely in touch with dear little Miss Cole, who lived in the Main House. She was another of those charming New England types which I, for some reason, always associate with heath. Gentle of voice, and dressed in gray, she had a gift of reading beneath the exterior and painlessly searching out the hidden hurt, giving advice that cheered the heart and made smooth the way. To her I gave, more freely than to any other, my confidence and personal affection.

And then there was Marge, the school nurse, who had a great heart and a spacious bosom. Somehow, I cannot associate her with the modern type of nurse, with all their stiff white uniforms and sanitation.

Marge was a universal mother and in moments of

homesickness one was irresistably drawn to her room where she dispensed cheerfulness and homely comfort as well as medicine when necessary. Many a time she has given me the evil smelling and detested Valerion, for which she was famous, and one almost grew to like it with her gentle ministrations.

We were, of course, forbidden to make candy, but my neighbors in the next room to mine in the Lathrop House, thought that it would be a great lark to make fudge over our old fashioned, oil illuminating lamps. As my desk stood in a strategic position as an out-post of defense, the girls asked me if I would not give them warning if "Pussy Waite" should chance that way, by singing one particular song.

I am afraid that it was a woeful habit of mine to burst into song on the least provocation, and so it was, that, after I had completed my work, I closed my books with satisfaction and began to sing some idle ditty—not the one that was supposed to give warning to the girls. But, alas, with the first notes I heard a rush and a dash in the next room, followed by a deathly stillness, and I realized, only too late, that my careless song had proved a false alarm to the revelers. By the time that I had reached the room to reassure them, it was empty. Not a sign of a girl or a spoon! How they had managed to evaporate into thin air, in so short a space of time, was a mystery to me, until I discovered several lying prone in the closet, and two who had dropped out of the window onto the roof of the kitchen conveniently near, while they held the forbidden fruit of their labours in a hot pan between them. Why they didn't exterminate me is what I wonder, but presume that their relief was so great when they realized that it had been only I that they found it in their hearts

to forgive me,—and at least technically I was correct if ill advised.

I fear that my singing must have been a trial to my schoolmates in more than one way, for one morning I found pinned on my door these words apparently cut from some newspaper: "Some girls sing like nightingales, while others sing like gales in the night."

After that I was more circumspect!

It seems that I, as a "New Girl," had invited Molly Prentice, an "Old Girl," and childhood friend, for a sleigh ride. It was in the midst of Winter, after a heavy fall of snow, which banked the roads on either side.

It was beautiful beyond words, and our sleigh bells rang out merrily as our little one horse sleigh cut through the scarcely broken snow drifts.

But, suddenly, our trusty beast, made a sudden shift from one side of the road to the other—no doubt in the interest of easier stepping—which would not have affected a four wheeled vehicle but with the unweilding runners of the sleigh was fatal.

The runners bit suddenly into the steep snow banks and with one quick gesture—had flipped over the sleigh and tumbled us both out into the snow drifts on the opposite side of the road.

By the time we had picked ourselves up and were assured that we were not hurt—we could just see old dobbins cavorting down the road with our sleigh pathetically being dragged, on its side.

Realizing the dangers, which were many and varied, we immediately gave chase, but, how to run in that deep snow, ladened with the rug and all our own heavy clothes—was no slight undertaking. But, as we lumbered

on, we called "Whoa" lustily to the still bewildered horse.

Fortunately, between his good training and his sweet disposition the horse finally did stop—when Molly and I breathlessly caught up to him, and in what seemed but a moments effort, had our sleigh right side up and looking none the worse for the mishap.

One day in February after a short illness, our little world was inexpressably shocked by the loss of our beloved Principal. She too had completed her task—and it had been well done!

The death of Miss Porter seemed to come so suddenly, in spite of her advanced years of 87, that for the moment our little universe seemed to stand still on that fateful day of Feb. 20th, 1900. She had lived so long that it almost seemed as though we must always have her at our helm, but as the days passed and the hosts of devoted pupils and followers gathered from all parts of the nation to pay her homage and respect, the realization of our loss was born in upon us.

Unfortunately, I had suffered an ugly fall only a few days previous, so that I was deprived of the privilege of attending the funeral, but, after the sound of the last hurrying footsteps had passed away, and the great Main House, where I now lived, was still, I again crept to the window to witness the last tribute to the mortal remains of our dear friend and teacher.

From my window sill, I watched the funeral procession as it made its mournful way to the little church, which I could see at the end of the street. Such crowds of people with bowed heads,—such quantities of flowers,—could only in part indicate the loss that had been realized.

It was not only the passing of a beloved teacher and friend, it was the passing of the last of her generation and kind.

In her was personified the high ideals of the past, austere perhaps, but still maintaining the elements of sanity and moderation.

In her own modesty, Miss Porter did not wish for any eulogy yet, I am sure, had she known that the standards which she had helped to maintain during her life were in jeopardy, that she would have been willing to have those who knew value, write of her labours and achievements for the sake of those who followed, achievements often that were mostly of the spirit.

As every Farmington woman rejoices in the success of an alumna of Miss Porter's school, we will insert a few lines more or less freely transposed from a recent article by the brilliant writer; Herma Clark called "The Art Career of Julie Manierre Mann."

Following a course of intensive study under the tuttiledge of Mme. Von Niessen Stone, at the Institute of Musical Arts, of which Dr. Frank Damrosh is the director, Julie Manierre accompanied her illustrous teacher to Europe where she continued her work in Germany.

Her sojourn in Berlin was made memorable by the honor of being invited to sing at the salon given by Mme. Gadski where not only that great artist sang, but Mme. Stone and others of the grand opera, by all of whom Miss Manierre was much encouraged to follow in their footsteps. It was also at this time that Herr Blech, Director of the Royal Opera, of Berlin, heard her and assured Miss Manierre that she was vocally ready to enter some provincial opera where she could become proficient in

her various roles, after which he hoped that she would return to Berlin to make her debut under him, in Berlin.

However, Miss Manierre was unable to consider this and returned to Chicago, but not to idleness, for there followed many happy occasions when she found distinction, such as winning the Metropolitan Opera Scholarship, Master Artist Scholarship, and a presentation under the auspices of the Music Guild, and assisted Oscar Seagle in his beautiful concert given in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, as well as having her own professional concert.

After these many years devoted to music it has come as a distinct surprise to discover a new medium for her artistic expression. She was playing with her little boy Billy who was making elephants in some modeling clay, when her untutored fingers seemed uncannily guided into what evolved into an excellent likeness of her son. Loathing to divide her time between two arts, Mrs. Mann decided not to touch the clay again and had the little head reproduced in bronze simply as a happy reminder of what might have been. However, the urge was too strong for her and it was not long before she again took up the clay to evolve a little figure of their pet chow. This figure is now in bronze at Gorham's N. Y.

With this unexpected recognition Mrs. Mann next presented several chow models in hand painted plaster which found a ready market through the O'Brien Art Galleries, who procurred foted for her at her commissions.

As a relief from the extreme care necessary in making dog portraits, Mrs. Mann then assayed to make a reproduction of the Block House of Fort Dearborn, which she fashioned into book ends.

And, so it is that while not neglecting her music, Mrs. Mann is wondering which of the two arts will finally get the better of the other.

GIRLS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

HON. & MRS. CHAS. S. DEWEY
(Suzette De Marigny Hall)

MRS. CHARLES S. DEWEY

Suzette de Marigny Hall

Miss Porter's School—Farmington 1901-2-3

Memories of crisp autumn air—long walks to the cider mill—large red apples—drives along country roads. Simsbury: Where a boys' school made it a forbidden stop. In those days the masculine was more unknown specie than it is today.

Miss Theodate Pope (Mrs. Riddle) started the Gundy Shop my new-girl year. Gingerbread men and hot chocolate sold. (We didn't worry about calories in those happy days! !)

There was, as today, no uniform at Farmington, but the same system prevailed of everyone wearing the same clothes: A gray v-neck sweater with a gray hat perched high on your head and a tweed skirt almost touching the ground was considered chic for daytime. In the evening, everyone turned out in a white dimitie dress with three and a half yards of black chiffon tied tightly around the waist. I made "Players" and the charm which is now in use was originated in our day. The Germans, Town Hall suppers, and concerts were the great diversions, and as today the old girls asked the new girls to go. The Yale Concert was the great thrill. We used to be allowed to walk from the main building to the Concert Hall with a man, if we were lucky enough to know a young man who sang or played. Afterwards the Club came to serenade and we would lean breathlessly from behind closed shutters and throw notes and felt wicked.

LATHROP HOUSE

My new-girl year was a very happy year. I lived in Lathrop House, which was quiet as it is today. There were nine of us, who were extremely congenial and called ourselves the "lucky nine." Those girls have all led interesting lives and gone quite different paths. We were very happy when the Lawn Tea—which doesn't exist any more—was "souved" to us.

Farmington has changed surprisingly little. It is still the fashion to obey the rules and to effect a feminine type. Our two daughters are Farmington girls—one quite recently, and one beginning her second year. It still seems to me a most enchanting calm spot in the midst of this exciting world.

Mademoiselle B. was an excellent French teacher. The old Fraulein, who lived on top of the hill, a wonderful German teacher and the German I learned certainly has stuck. Miss Nicholls' "History of Art" was quite the best History of Art course possible. The Business Arithmetic Course was excellent. I could go on indefinitely because I am really very grateful for the opportunities I neglected. It was, and is, perfectly possible to go to college from Farmington.

Altogether Miss Porter's School is unique. The oldest school for young ladies in the country. The spirit of Miss Porter still hovers over the school, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keep feel the responsibility of the tradition and are liked and respected by parents and girls. Long may it prosper under their wise guidance.

MARCHESE DI SPINOLA
(Helen Bull)

MARCHESA di SPINOLA
(Helen Bull)

After she left Farmington and was one of the belles of Chicago, Helen Bull met the son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was playing in Chicago at that time. He, Alan Patrick Campbell, was one of the many young men who were smitten with the charms of this great beauty. She became one of the Patrick Campbells and went to London to live with the celebrated actress.

Mr. Campbell was killed in the world war and Mrs. Campbell married the Marquis di Spinola, an Italian Nobleman of royal descent (indicated by a crown engraved on her stationery.) She has two children and lives in London. Her letters give some items of interest in regard to her life.

Friends who have seen her in London say that she has had some interesting contacts with the literary life of London and has met at the home of her distinguished mother-in-law such celebrities as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells,—all the brilliant coterie, in fact, that would naturally assemble in the home of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

A friend of the Marchesa reports that Bernard Shaw told her that she could earn her "pin money" any time. He had seen some of her literary work and judged it in his flattering way. She was a brilliant addition to the court of the queenly Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and she met there and entertained the social circle of London, including famous actors and actresses as well as members of the Royal family. The witty and beautiful daughter-in-law held her own among all these distinguished guests.

My dear Mrs. Ferry:

I'm afraid I am going to disappoint you when I tell you that Alas! I can't possibly write for your book about the celebrities I have met over here.

Since I first heard from you I have settled in London with my family and have taken the most amusing and interesting "job" in the world,—that of private secretary to A. E. W. Mason, the author. You will, of course, understand that professional etiquette forbids me to "make copy" out of his friends!—which is exactly what I would have to do if I wrote the sort of article you want.

What's more, I really haven't an instant in which to write anything at all, as, added to all his other work, I am now making SIX typed copies of Mason's last novel from the manuscript, so I am as busy as I can possibly be. But I have thrown together a little sketch of some of my Farmington recollections, which I am apologetically enclosing with this letter. A photograph goes with them, under separate cover. The article is as bad as the photograph: I can say no more!

With a thousand regrets for disappointing you like this, I am,

Always very sincerely,
Helen Spinola.

(Her Story)

My first arrival at the Farmington station in 1901, at the age of sixteen, wearing a black corduroy skirt with a Court train, a mauve blouse, a "covert cloth" coat and a black velvet picture hat. My subsequent arrival, on the

seat of the old stage-coach beside the driver, in spite of these drawbacks. The perilous gallop, lurching and careening, down the village street. My first glimpse of Humphrey House and my room, with its three inmates, Rosalie Wilson, Helen Fargo and Alma Atewart.

The double wash-stand behind the screen and that piece of "Onion Skin" paper forever floating on the soapy water in the basin, adjuring the previous user to "Kindly Empty Same." The exquisite prettiness of Helen Fargo and my efforts to attain her proportions by "running" five hundred times every night after "lights" in front of an open window,—pounding my hips savagely with my fists the while. ("Oh, Bull! For Goodness Sakes! How *do* you expect us to go to sleep?")

The village weighing-machine. That five-mile walk every afternoon out to the cider-mill and back. The systematic removal of the luscious insides of the breakfast muffins. The quart of cider at the end of the walk that made any self-sacrifice a waste of time and inexorably increased my weight to one hundred and eighty pounds. The bags of maple and chocolate fudge which helped.

My despair over Sue Whitney's curly hair. The exciting spectacle of Alice Roosevelt and a friend who suddenly appeared one dull afternoon in the village street and kicked a pumpkin down it, shouting. Louise Twichell's lovely long waist and dazzling colouring. Miss Adgate and her little shop. The notice I once left, pertly, over a tray of pencils temptingly exposed on her counter: "TAKE ONE." Miss Adgate's addition, which I didn't discover for several days: "AND CHARGE TO MISS BULL."

MARCHESE DI SPINOLA

I had two pictures of Helen sent me, one by herself and one is when at Farmington. The other (the one sent by her later) taken after she left school. Both are so beautiful I decided to use both. A. F. F.

The vastness of Martha Weightman's brown eyes in her tiny face. The temptation to give dear old Mr. Boeckelman's coat collar a thorough brushing. His tireless efforts to make a musician of me by cries of "Loose!" My efforts not to let anyone know how shy I was and the whispered comment I once overheard as I swept in to breakfast: "Miss Bull's carriage waits!" (All subsequent attempts on my part not to feel a worm have been unsuccessful. But then, *pazienza!* I've only had thirty years to recover in.)

The pale, angular face of the photographer,—wasn't his name Andrews?—and those grisly flashlights of the weekly "Germans" which he presented every Monday with such pride. Claudia McAlpin's Southern drawl, which was only equalled in charm by Minnie Mackall's.

The acres of violets in those famous greenhouses and my thrill when I received my first bunch of them. That nude feeling if an inch of wall-paper were exposed in one's bed-room and the effort to amass more high-coloured flannel banners and photographs than anyone else. The expense of having all these last passepartouted. Polly Learned's gorgeous pompadour and seductive curves and her young man who never missed a Saturday.

The inexpressible joy of "trying for the Drama" and of getting the utmost out of my Big Speech as the family butler: "A little Angostura in the sherry, Milord?" Crosby Doughty's telegram to his sister, Harriet, who had supplied my clothes: "Kindly return suit. I want to get up." The expression of human friendship and pleasure on the faces of the terrifying Dramat Committee

when they burst into my room and congratulated me on having "made" it. The fact that, from then on, I never thought of anything else. If I did any studying during the next two years I can't remember it. The letter from my father, remonstrating mildly for "the enclosed bill of $259 for rouge and pins" * * *

Miss Gerrard and her neat, black shirtwaist. Dear patient Miss Smith and her nightly taps on the adjoining wall. Miss Pierce, and her comforting habit of blushing just as violently as I did.

Ethel Simpkins, Helen Day and Edith Chappell,—the perfect trio. Lina Richards' patient acceptance of complete facial obliteration during an attack of poison ivy. Those eternal address books. The visit of the Yale Glee Club—and our entirely successful efforts to make the whistling soloist laugh. An intoxicating glimpse of Ethel Weightman as an Ancient in a yellow dress with a black velvet sash. Joseph Hoffmann's concert and the proud moment when I noticed that the piano stool squeaked and he rewarded me with a grateful smile when I substituted a chair.

The grouping of all of us round the piano for hymns Sunday evening and the particularly spirited rendering of "Onward Christian Soldiers!" Above all—that breathless hush before Mrs. Dow's entrance for her Sunday night "Talk." The faint rustling of her trailing black moire, or the full black taffeta with the pinked ruffles. Her little smile as she waited for us to settle down quietly into our chairs. Then the utter perfection of her helpful words, and the great love, admiration and sense

of infinite glamour that she left behind in all our hearts when, after a little pause, she rose and returned, faintly rustling, with bowed head, into her quiet room. God bless her.

MRS. ROBERT S. McCORMICK

MRS. ROBERT McCORMICK
(Katherine Medill)

Katherine and Elinor Medill were the two charming daughters of Joseph Medill, the famous editor of The Chicago Tribune. Katherine married Robert McCormick and Elinor married Robert W. Patterson.

Both these women inherited from their parents brilliant minds and forceful characters.

Their sons Joseph Medill McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson, became editors as well as owners (in part) of The Chicago Tribune.

Katherine was active in the clubs of Chicago as well as a social leader; being associated (as well as her sister) with the distinguished coterie of social leaders, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, Mrs. John N. Jewett and others.

Chicago is indebted to these ladies for their position in the whole world of society, for they moved in the best society wherever they went and were known, as the representative women of our land.

Mrs. Robert McCormick whose picture graces the page opposite was a brilliant figure at the Russian court; her husband Robert McCormick being appointed Ambassador to Russia.

MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK

MRS. RUTH HANNA McCORMICK

Strange to say, a Farmington girl, Ruth Hanna McCormick, was the first woman in the United States to run for United States Senator. She was in the House of Representatives previous to her campaign for senator, which she conducted herself. She was born and bred in politics and married into them as well. As is well known, her father, Mark Hanna, was a competent teacher, as was also her husband, Medill McCormick, both father and husband having been senators.

Ruth Hanna inherited the mental qualities of the father and possessed a fine personality also. Her campaign was full of interesting incidents. We will not attempt to go into the politics of the campaign, but relate some of the high-lights connected with it.

She, to begin with, had a most striking antagonist,—a southern gentleman of the old school. The Democratic candidate was the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, than whom there is not a more brilliant specimen of southern chivalry. It must have rankled in his breast to think of running against a woman for several reasons. The attitude of the true southern gentleman is always one of gallantry towards women, and he surely kept true to his colors for he alluded to his opponent as "the lady." It was the sad fate of our gentleman to have to face another woman who entered the field as his second opponent, but he was equal to the emergency and designated her "the other lady." It must have gone against him too to think of having to beat two women, but he bore up under the trial bravely and never forgot that he was a gentleman

and a southern one, at that. He telephoned to his opponents the moment the returns assured him of victory. To Ruth, as she was familiarly called during the campaign, he sent a most solicitous message, inquiring about her health and hoping she would rest from the fatigue of a most magnificent campaign as carried on by herself. He had noticed she was looking tired and wished her something, I forget what. When he was sure of his victory some photographers were on hand to take his picture, but so concerned was he over having defeated not one but two women that he took on a melancholy look, and the boys had to cheer him up with, "oh! give us a smile, do. One of your best." In fact, I never saw such a mournful picture of him in the newspapers.

Only a word about her defeat: We are reminded of the old play of ancient times, " 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Mrs. McCormick's life story is more or less familiar to us, as she has been a public character for some time. But we know she loves her home on Rock River, where she goes for rest and recreation, and where she entertains her friends in a simple and charming manner.

MRS. ELEANOR MEDILL PATTERSON

In last February's cosmopolitan is a story of four pages including eighteen illustrations entitled; "The Life Story in Pictures" of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson," a woman reared in wealth but born to work.

As she was a Farmington girl it will be of interest to know something about her remarkable career. Cissy Patterson, as she was known to her Chicago friends, whenever she appeared as a child excited interest. I remember seeing her first at a musical given at the old brown stone mansion, of the Medill's, on Cass Street, Chicago. There she sat, a demure little miss on the front row of the gilt chairs, dutifully attentive to the music. Her dark eyes and beautiful Titian braids attracting the attention of everyone.

Her grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Medill, a gracious hostess made everyone feel at home a social leader always, one can hardly believe she was a type setter in her father's office when she married Joseph Medill.

Cissy Patterson was the daughter of Eleanor Medill and Robert W. Patterson, Jr., a son of Dr. R. W. Patterson, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, who was called the Nestor of Presbyterianism in the West. His father knowing his son's taste secured for him a position on the interior of a Presbyterian newspaper, he studied law at the same time and took his bar examinations, but he was destined for the press. He got a job as reporter on the Chicago Tribune, he afterwards married the daughter of Joseph Medill and later became the editor and publisher of the Chicago Tribune.

MRS. ELEANOR MEDILL PATTERSON

Robert Patterson was not only highly endowed mentally, but had a strong will, was a steam roller as occasion demanded. One of the stories related of him at the time of his death was that he used to endow every new invention pertaining to printing, eliminating time and work. At one time there was some objection among members of the staff to installing some new printing device. Mr. Patterson engaged workmen at night to tear down a portion of the side wall to let in this new machine, had it put in and then walled it up so that it could not be taken out. One of the plums handed out to the Chicago Tribune at one President election was the Russian Portfolio which he handed to his sister-in-law Mrs. Robert S. McCormick, a Farmington girl. His wife was also a Farmington girl.

During his management of the Tribune he showed his great respect for law the Government of Springfield used to depend on the Chicago Tribune to uphold them in their endeavors to uphold the law. His slogan was to "stand by the right" and to uphold personal honor. At one time a scandal story was being circulated concerning a Chicagoan all the New York Papers were printing malicious stories and taking opposite side, Mr. Patterson in a paragraph of six lines changed the opinion of the whole country. One of Chicago's famous lawyers jestingly referred to the Tribune as the Chicago Daily Son-in-law, he was called in one of the obituary notices one of the greatest journalists of the age.

Eleanor's great grandfather, Abraham Patrick, edited the new Philadelphia Advocate Tribune (Ohio), almost a century ago, her grandfather, the illustrous Joseph Medill founded the great Chicago Tribune.

It was natural that neither wealth nor European titles nor social success could check the momentum of an ancestral ambition that has passed through four generations in this one American family of editors and publishers. C. P. first husband was the Polish count Gizycka. She became the victim of an international marriage. She later divorced him. Her second husband was the brilliant New York attorney, Elmer Schlesinger who died recently.

Family ambition will not down like some eternal fire that smoulders into gray ashes, it flares up bright and warm at last. Mrs. Patterson was determined to own the Washington Herald and tried to get Mr. Hurst to sell her a paper for a number of years, which he would not do but he did offer to make her its editor which she agreed to do.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Patterson, who works hard, is not compelled to work, her private secretary is paid as much as she herself earns as editor.

In less than six months she has made a success of her job. Her paper is the talk of the country, and her editorials are frequently quoted. She has built up circulation and increased advertising, at a time when most papers are losing both.

In addition to this she knows how to handle men, her staff swears by her and declares that she not only inherits the editorial genius of her forbears but shows an originality and genius all her own.

KATE BUCKINGHAM

To the splendid conception of a Farmington girl rose, from the gray soil, that masterpiece of construction, "The Buckingham Fountain." She called to her aid the brilliant architect, Mr. E. H. Bennett, who designed and superintended the construction of this work of art. Miss Buckingham was also the originator of "The Fountain" as a private memorial.

When the Farmington girls come to our World's Fair in 1933, there is one sight that will not be missed, and that is—"The Buckingham Fountain," in full play, in various formations of color and spray. This immense display of water (not fireworks) is a wonderful sight; the many jets going in different directions is bewildering to the eye, and the cool breezes on a stifling night is most welcome to the weary stroller.

Kate Buckingham was my near neighbor in Lake Forest, and showed me in many friendly ways a kindliness of spirit that was a characteristic of the entire family. Kate seemed to be the strong one of the family mentally and physically, and at last when illness overcame them, Kate was a real mainstay. Her mother was a beautiful type, tall, clear opaline skin with a brilliant coloring, and hair of a golden auburn hue. Her father was a handsome man with dark eyes and hair, and a most enganging manner, as also the others had. Maud was a frail, delicate girl, with large brown eyes and a sweet manner. Kate had the coloring of her father and looked like him. Clarence was like his mother, with the same tall figure and coloring.

BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN

I have always had an admiration for Kate Buckingham, and I have asked her for her picture, which she refuses to let me have for this book, being one of the modest ones, of which there are many,—too many, in fact. She was tall and stately of figure, and with a face dignified in repose, but animated when interested in the passing joke, with sparkling and expressive mouth.

To return to the fountain: This seems a most appropriate memorial for him who was always cheerful and bright, and always doing something for someone.

There are memorials for the physical benefit of the poor, but we as a race of human beings want something besides bread and shoes.

The thousands of people who have feasted their eyes on the multicolored jets of the Buckingham Fountain, will never forget it.

MRS. ALFRED ELY

A FARMINGTON BRIDE OF THIS YEAR

Mary Danforth Strange engaged to Alfred Ely.

Daughter of Mrs. H. A. Griffin to be wed April 30, 1931.

Mrs. Henry A. Griffin has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Danforth Strange, to Mr. Alfred Ely, of this city. The wedding, which will be small, will take place on April 30 in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. A reception for the families and intimate friends will be held at the home of Miss Strange's mother, 1060 Fifth Avenue.

Miss Strange attended Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn., and is a member of the Junior League. She made her debut at a ball given by her mother at the Colony Club, December, 1919.

Mr. Ely is the son of the late Mr. Alfred Ely, of New York and Boston, and Mrs. Benjamin T. Fairchild. He was graduated from Princeton in 1906 and from the Harvard Law School in 1908. He is a member of the University, Union, Knickerbocker, Piping Rock, Princeton and Downtown Clubs and of the Society of Mayflower descendants and the Sons of the Revolution.

(Mrs. Ely must *be a grand-daughter of Mary Danforth,* who was at Farmington in 1867.)

MRS. ELI WHITNEY, JR.
(Sarah Farnam)

*Lived in Farmington and has been identified with Miss Porter's School.

SARAH FARNAM

The Farnam family lived in Chicago when Sarah was a child. We were schoolmates at that time. The family moved east in the 60s. Sarah married Eli Whitney, Jr. She has always been identified with Farmington, her mother being of the family of Whitmans of that village.

MRS. GEORGE B. MASSE

Dorothea Johnson

(Extracts From Her Diary)

The happiness a good boarding school can give I think is what psychiatrists say is a child's prerogative and great need. So Farmington gave us that away back in 1901.

Miss Porter's occasional visits to our class room were events we remembered during this last year of her life. She seemed so fragile, so little; the oldest person I had ever known; a slow step, otherwise too quick and alert for our composure; half the period she listened in, the other half she would conduct perfectly the class in English, mathematics, botany or foreign languages, whatever it happened to be.

I shall always associate with her the hymn (her favorite) "For all thy saints who from their labors rest," as we sang it at her funeral in the prim little New England church, of which my uncle was then pastor.

My sister Lesley and I formally joined this church while at Farmington.

To illustrate how much I learned while there, I had completed an English course with Miss How. I wrote home asking advice for another subject explaining, I had finished literature.

I had thrills in the drama tryouts, taking a man's dead-game sport, or gangster character; I'll never forget, when the president of the committee came to my room to tell me. The weekly germans were fun too; we did not seem to need boys at all. What excitement over the Saturday stage coach arrival, with possible swains for a stiff call.

We drove or rode in the run-abouts with our friends or crushes in those happy delightful days. Walking the short or long loops, past the cider mills, in the beautiful autumn colors; the hare and hound chases, up and down the hills and valleys; we also played field hockey, while in the winter term we loved coasting down the hill into the main street; no motors then. We walked miles for a skate.

There was the lovely farewell garden party, on the sloping lawn, through which the winding river, a very charming setting for Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, flowed.

MARGARET BLAINE

PRESIDENTS' DAUGHTERS AT FARMINGTON

Nellie Grant, daughter of Ulysses S. Grant, was at Farmington, but she was so homesick she had to be taken away.

Alice Roosevelt was at Farmington, so Helen Bull (the Marchessa de Spinola) tells us, and amused herself by rolling a pumpkin down the street.

The daughter of James G. Blaine was at Farmington. A fit place for her is with the presidents' daughters.

(Culled from The New York Times)
April, 1931.

MEMORIALS TO MISS PORTER

SARAH PORTER

MEMORIALS TO MISS PORTER

There are a number of memorials to Miss Porter. The principal one is the FARMINGTON LODGE SOCIETY. It consists of a home for working girls, where they can come and stay for two weeks at a time and so find refreshing and happy hours in the country, surrounded by the sylvan scene of dear New England in the old village of Farmington.

Several of Miss Porter's girls consulted with her about this much needed retreat for girls tired of the noises of a great city. The names of these noble women, who stood by this work for years, must not be mentioned, but, as the familiar Moody hymn goes, "Tho' they may forget the singer they will not forget the song." A picture of The Lodge will give you some idea of the good work that is carried on summer and winter for good and worthy girls, who are working, not for themselves alone, but for other members of their families. The letters these girls write to their benefactors alone would be a reward for all the efforts made in their behalf. To be transported from the hot and dusty city to the peaceful vale of dear old Farmington, is like a trip to fairyland to them.

These women, in whose charge the home has been for many years, have interested every Farmington Society in the country in their work, so that in the yearly budget of every Society is represented a large sum for "The Farmington Lodge Society." So large has the list of doors grown that the yearly report of the Lodge work has a roster of the members of "The Farmington Lodge Society," which in the last yearbook amounted to five

hundred and twenty-five. A list of the number of members in each Society is given below:

Albany, N. Y.	37	members
Boston, Mass.	163	"
Buffalo, N. Y.	64	"
Chicago, Ills.	158	"
Cleveland, Ohio	48	"
Detroit, Mich.	38	"
Fairfield, Conn.	39	"
Hartford, Conn.	95	"
New Haven, Conn.	51	"
Philadelphia, Penna.	88	"
Pittsburgh, Pa.	194	"
Portland, Oregon	13	"
Providence, R. I.	55	"
Rochester, N. Y.	49	"
San Francisco, Calif.	17	"
St. Paul, Minn.	24	"
Washington, D. C.	35	"
Wilkesbarre, Penna.	14	"
Total	1,192	members

In addition to these society gifts, there is a list of memorials. Friends who have donated large sums during their lives toward someone specially so remembered. This list in the last report consisted of one hundred and nine persons.

MISS PORTER'S LETTER*

Farmington, March 3rd, 1887.

"My Dear Louise:

"As to the kind of service which for the last two years you have rendered to working women and girls from New York is to be carried on under somewhat changed arrangements, may I write you a few words in regard to it?

"I must congratulate you on what has already been done. I have been able to observe those who have been here, and before seeing them I had not at all known how entirely new such a vacation in the country was to almost all of them, how wholly unable they were to secure it for themselves, and how truly great a benefit it must be to them. Their grateful happiness in their rest, in their freedom, in the fresh air and country scenes and in the kind care of their hostess has been most satisfactory. They have gone home plumper, stronger, happier than when they came, and I am sure that the good influence of their holiday has been felt for many months.

"It is plain that the want of just such service as you have undertaken will be a permanent want—renewed from year to year—and this fact, with the admirable means of supplying the want, which are offered to you here, more than justifies you in your efforts to make here a permanent vacation home.

"It is possible that some few whose aid in your purchase you will ask may doubt whether a society composed

*To Miss Louise Wickham, the original proposer and founder of The F. L. S.

LOUISE WICKHAM

of members widely scattered and frequently changing can be depended upon for carrying on this work from year to year successfully, but I think contributions for the year's expenses and a living interest in the work will not fail.

"The plan you have already put in operation, of making the school of each year auxiliary, will secure about one-fourth of the money needed for the current expenses, and, as you are to put the house partly in charge of the school, the pupils of each year in succession will so feel that the work is their own that they will naturally desire, after leaving school, to continue to aid in sustaining it.

"I need not assure you of my great pleasure in your acknowledging by thoughts and deeds of kindness to those less favored than yourselves the bond which unites you as my pupils, and hoping for the happy success of your work, I am

"Affectionately yours,
"Sarah Porter."

LOUISE F. WICKHAM

A Word from Her

5th February, 1931.

My dear Mrs. Ferry:

I have received your letter of the 2nd February.

I hardly know what to tell you of my little school. It was very informal and carried on in the simplest manner. After my father's death my mother and I found ourselves in straightened circumstances. We decided to open our doors to young people who wished to continue their studies after leaving school. This was the easier for us to do, as my dear parents had always kept "open house" for their own pleasure, and, as I was an only child, for companionship for me. Hence, to have our house filled with young people (I was not so very old myself at the moment) appealed to us both. Hence, we made the start. My dear, brave mother lived for five years,—long enough to see our modest project as it was permanently, and for thirty-five years I had a most happy work; forming friendships that enrich my life and make me indeed a blessed woman. It was all such individual work,—just a very old-fashioned home life to give my girls, but I think they loved it for the most part and I know many of them look back upon it as a very happy time. I really cannot explain much about it, for there was great informality about it all, and I only know my inspiration came from all I had observed in our beloved Miss Porter and I tried to follow my ideal as best I could.

Sincerely yours,

Louise F. Wickham.

60 Church Street,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Mrs. Ferry:

I hardly think what I wrote you is worth printing in your book, but I leave the matter in your hands to decide. If you are telling of the different ways various "old girls" of Farmington have met duties and occupations in later life, it might perhaps serve. We hear so much of the "careers" of the Modern College Woman. I like to feel the splendid influence of one great woman in a remote New England village who prepared her girls to meet life with courage and ability, and, without undue publicity.

I am enjoying seeing *Mrs. Farwell down here in Charleston. Perhaps you may be coming down some day.

Sincerely yours,
Louise F. Wickham.

18th March.

P. S.—I have no photograph to send.

*Mrs. Arthur Farwell, my brother's wife.

THE LODGE

FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FARMINGTON LODGE SOCIETY

Your Executive Committee has carried on the forty-sixth year of work at the Farmington Lodge, conscious that anything that is done in memory of Miss Porter and bearing the name of Farmington, must be carried forward with up-to-date standards and with the hope of helping those who need most what the Lodge has to offer.

It gives me great pleasure to report that our new policy has been carried out with increasing success, and we are confident that the Lodge has been able to meet very real needs. Much of the time it has been full to overflowing, and through the summer vacation months many had to be refused admission on account of lack of space.

In the early summer I availed myself of the chance to stay at the Lodge and from my own experience I can report that it is a "Quiet place where the mind can be rested and refreshed and new courage found."

The atmosphere created by Mrs. William T. Dakin, the Directress, and Miss Elizabeth Parke, her assistant, is all that could be desired. They have the happy faculty of allowing their guests to rest and vegetate if that is what is wanted, or of offering pleasant amusement for those who need diversion.

The new radio given by Mrs. William C. Gulliver is a constant source of amusement. The menus each day offered tempting variety and always the food was delicious and abundant. Pitchers of milk on the table, emptied and refilled, give evidence of how much the cows are appreciated, and the reports each day of pounds

gained by the guests give proof that the necessary calories are not lacking.

It is our hope that before long the Lodge will be full throughout the year. There are certain times of year, however, when people do not take vacations unless they are ill and forced to do so. October, for instance, when the vacation season is just over, is sure to be a slack time. I want to emphasize how much the school girls enjoy going to the Lodge. They use it as a place to meet, they can go there with callers, and they too enjoy the radio. Each year two teas are given at the Lodge for the entire school. The expense of the Fall tea is borne by the school and the Spring tea is at the invitation of the Executive Committee. I want also to emphasize what the school girls give to the Lodge. In addition to a very generous contribution of money, they undertake each year the renovation of certain rooms, and the School Committees have shown exceptional ability and helpfulness.

Preparations are in progress to incorporate the Lodge as a Connecticut organization. Until now it has been incorporated in the State of New York, and there have been taxes to pay. Connecticut has a law which exempts charities from taxation, and with this in view it has been deemed advisable to make this transfer. The matter has been carefully considered and competent lawyers consulted. It is not necessary to ask for a vote on this matter at the Annual Meeting, as, according to the Constitution and By-Laws, a decision regarding such matters lies with the Executive Committee. A change of this kind will also involve some slight alteration in the Constitution and By-Laws, and the whole matter is receiving careful consideration.

The Farmington Lodge Society is indeed grateful for the help given by the Branches which are scattered throughout the country, and there is a feeling of pride in the consciousness of the work which Farmington women are doing in the communities in which they live, thus carrying out the spirit of helpfulness which emanated from the teachings of Miss Porter. Undoubtedly such activities strengthen the Branches, but it must be borne in mind that though "Charity begins at home," the Farmington Lodge depends for its support on the generosity of Farmington women scattered as they are over the United States. It has been felt by the Executive Committee that the Branches, in some instances, did not realize the full importance of their responsibility regarding the Lodge. Individuals in sending contributions to the Lodge give sums ranging from $1.00 to several hundred dollars, whereas Branches have in some cases sent sums which represent less than 50 cents per member. In my report a year ago this matter was taken into consideration and it brought forth increased interest and a request from some of the Branch Chairmen for further data which would help them arouse among their members a greater sense of responsibility for the Lodge and increased interest in its maintenance. It was an attempt to meet this situation that brought about the trips which *Mrs James Christy Bell and I took last April and May, visiting some of the branches as far west as Chicago. Mrs. Bell suggested that the time had come to get in personal touch with the Branches and she invited me to motor with her in her car. Together we made the plans for what proved to be a very delightful trip, and I hope our efforts will

*Album No. 11.

THE COUNTY FAIR

continue to bear fruit in added loyalty and increased interest in Lodge affairs.

It is a temptation to tell you in detail all that was done for us in each place where we had a Lodge Society Meeting. I have kept a detailed report, and the pleasure of it will never be forgotten by either Mrs. Bell or myself. I must be content, however, with giving only our itinerary and a general report that at each place we were received with great cordiality and thoughtful preparations for our comfort,—flowers in our rooms, invitations for lunch and dinner and sometimes for other entertainments, and always a most carefully planned meeting followed by a delicious luncheon. The new policy of The Lodge was most carefully explained, and in every instance met with the heartiest approval. Our first meeting was in Washington, D. C., early in April.

We left New York on April 28 and had our second meeting in Rochester on May 1, then on to Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and Cleveland. In Pittsburgh most delightful plans awaited us and our suggested visit had met with a cordial response, but unfortunately because of a telegram which brought me great anxiety, the Pittsburgh meeting had to be cancelled and Mrs. Bell and I hurried to New York by train.

I want to express again Mrs. Bell's and my appreciation of all that was done for us during those visits, and we will never forget the many kindnesses which in the name of Farmington were showered upon us.

Harriet Lowrie Derr,
President Executive Committee.

MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL

BACK AT THE OLD SCHOOL

From the "New Haven News," May 30, 1885

Miss Porter Revisited by her Graduates.

Her words of welcome to former pupils—The new Studio—Doings During Farmington's two gala days—A great teacher's noble life work.

Staff correspondence of The Morning News.

Farmington, May 29. Today closes a brief but brilliant gala season without precedent in the annals of this ancient town. Every train that drew up to the narrow platform of the battered station left behind, as it puffed away, its bevy of Miss Porter's old girls. There were young ladies in plain travelling attire and ladies with the supreme triumphs of the French modiste in their skirts, girls still in ruddy bloom with the recent savor of the boarding-school in their air, and mature and dignified mammas with daughters who themselves were returning graduates. Indeed there is one apocryphal story that one young lady refused Miss Porter's invitation on the ground that she would have had to come with her own graduate grandmother. The salvos of kisses in the dingy old ticket office visibly alarmed even the ticket seller, callous as he was to the orthodox feminine greeting. To the philosophic on-looker there was a broad field of study in this method and madness of feminine kisses—from the cold and formal lip contact of the old rival or slight acquaintance up to the gushing outpour of osculation and infinite repetition of embrace with which old intimates renewed their school day memories.

Farmington, which yesterday welcomed back some 200 of Miss Porter's girls—they are all girls to her—is a village with some outward traits unique even to the Yankee eye. In New England we often find the village on hill, in valley or on plain but rarely a veritable side-hill town like Farmington. Just above the foot of the grand slope of lofty hills that trend northward from Mount Carmel stretches the long street that forms the village. It is a narrow but neat thoroughfare, with many curves horizontal and vertical, lined with solid and comfortable structures whose many gambrel roofs attest their antiquity. Westward is a grand sweep of landscape reaching to the dim, far hills that cut the horizon. Farmington has a wealthy and substantial population; it has two famous elms of mighty girth and, spread, that tradition reports, were planted 130 years ago on the day when one of the fairest daughters of the old town was wed; it has the biggest country saving's bank in Connecticut or New England; its main street passes one of the quaintest of burying grounds and a church which is anything but a revised version of the typical Yankee meeting-house; and finally, but not leastly, it contains Miss Porter's school.

The main building of her famous institution is a solid brick structure flanked by many annexes, angles and additions, the whole almost hidden in a forest of greenery that conceal her flock from the prying eyes of Yale students who go to Farmington to heal their academic hurts with Cupid's wounds. But behind the mansion a splendid lawn sweeps downward in graceful curves several hundred feet to an artificial pond, where great carp leap and sport in the sunlight. Besides the original structure Miss Porter has several fine buildings near by in which

many of her girls are colonized. The mistress of the school is not a sturdy friend of the American newspaper; and, though supported yesterday by a goodly array of sympathetic relatives, the editor of the Morning News listened to a vocal essay from her lips on editorial imperfections, which convinced him that she will never found a school of enterprising journalism.

On the side street leading upward from the village and near Miss Porter's house stands the new studio building which her graduates have reared at a cost of $5,000, as a tribute of their enduring gratitude and affection. It is a singularly pretty structure with a slant roof, and sides shingled down to a lofty wall of fine stone work set in brick. Above are rooms for drawing and painting; below the music rooms. At the entrance a stone tablet quaintly lettered tells in Latin that "in honor of their most faithful and much loved mistress, Sarah Porter, her scholars have, in grateful spirit, erected this building."

IN HONOREM
Magistrae Suae Fidelissimae Carissimaeque
SARAH PORTER
Hoc Aedificium Exstruendum grato animo
discipulae curaverunt.
MDCCCLXXXV

The program of the two days' reunion as set forth on a neat card read as follows:

May 29—Tea at Miss Porter's. Words of welcome from Miss Porter. Music in the garden. Conversation. From 6:15 to 9:30 P. M.

THE LODGE
Girls raking hay

May 29—Prayers and breakfast at Miss Porter's from 8:30 to 9:30 A. M. visits to the studio and elsewhere, drives, walks from 9:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. Music in the garden 12:30. Lunch at Miss Porter's 1:30 P. M.

In addition, the kindly and generous mistress, who never slackens her interest in the village, arranged for an additional concert this afternoon by Diller's band from New York, to which all the residents of Farmington were invited. Her strong executive hand was visible everywhere in the precision and completeness of her arrangements for her visitors. Everyone of them was met at the station and her, lodging place assigned by note, and almost every room in the Elm Tree inn had been reserved for her guests. As for more general and minor details she wisely left them to be filled in by that suggestive word of her program "Conversation."

The old house yesterday when, late in the afternoon, the graduates gathered for tea was a floral spectacle fit to make even the masculine eye gaze with wonder. It seemed as if every garden in the village must have been rifled of its tint and bloom to deck the girl graduates' old home. Great beds of lilac, roses and rarer flowers filled the windows and embrasures. Sprays of floral beauty caught the vision at every step and masses of greenery and blossom arranged with feminine taste converted the lower rooms into a symphony in petal and leaf. After music and refreshments Miss Porter welcomed her guests. She spoke informally but with a feeling and tenderness that made many a girl moist-eyed. She said:

"It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am most happy to see you here. I had hardly dreamed of such a gathering. You have not, many of you, as yet, seen the

studio, which, only proposed as it was a year ago, is now already completed and most acceptably and satisfactorily. The studio is, I may say, a realized dream. It will always be a delight to me and a permanent benefit to the school. We have always had a makeshift as you know. This studio could not be pleasanter or more desirable. Of course, we do not attempt great things in the way of artistic instruction. Mr. Brandegee's teaching is elementary but it is excellent and thorough and lays an excellent foundation for future advance.

"I at first doubted the wisdom of this plan of erecting the studio, though I recognized the generous, enthusiastic impulse which prompted it. Still I thought the idea a Quixotic one, which would stand out in a few years as a folly and it seemed to me not desirable to attempt to execute it. But the response was as generous as unexpected and the work was immediately entered upon. And now I am in every way grateful for it. You, no doubt, think that the old school house does not harmonize very well with the new studio. It does look as if it ought to tumble down. The large room is now used mainly for scientific purposes. The building has but recently come into my own possession, and I shall immediately proceed to make alterations. I shall take off the architectural bric-a-brac, make it more commodious and comfortable, and, in color, harmonious with the studio. I am most thankful for the loving impulse which has led you all to this work.

"Some of you remember my school in years gone by. It was small at first and I had no idea of more; but it has grown as it could not if Farmington had grown also. So many houses in the immediate vicinity have fallen vacant that I have been able to rent them and gradually we have fallen into the cottage system. Of course, we have not all

the appliances of larger schools. Our girls are young and, as a rule, do not remain more than two or three years. Still, I think, on the whole, we get on and try to keep up with the world. And, I think, the present girls study quite as well as the girls of days gone by.

"Of the years from 1850 to 1885 I think there are none unrepresented here tonight. On referring to my list I find that in those years there were only two, '56 and '57 when no new pupils entered. As you may know, my teacher's life began in 1844, and 1852 I came to this house. I may say that my children never grow old; they are always from 15 to 19 years old. Thirty to forty come every year to replace those who leave.

"These have been happy years to me, and I trust they have been generally felt to be happy years by those who have passed them with me. I counted the other day that 1,400 girls have passed under my teaching in this house. I am sorry that I cannot say that girls grow stronger as the years go on; there is not much increase in the power of endurance or physical development, and yet my school has been unusually free from acute and long sickness. There has never been a death in the school. Out of the list of members from first to last only 60 have died, and I may rejoice in saying that I have a remarkable number of pupils good, happy and useful women."

After Miss Porter's address it was suggested that some word be sent to Miss Caroline Townsend, of Albany, the prime mover in the plan for a studio. Miss Porter said that she intended to send a cable message to Miss Townsend—who is now studying art in Paris—on Friday.

One of the graduates said that this coming back was like entering paradise and Miss Porter responded that

indeed "we may deem it a little foretaste and an earnest of the joys that are to come hereafter." Miss Love, of Buffalo, read a poem tracing out prettily the symbolisms of certain flowers in their wreath. The gathering then broke up and old and young thronged through the old house to talk over school days and exchange experiences since leaving their girlhood's home.

It is hard to do justice by word or pen to the loveliness of the scene at the evening concert on the lawn which followed. In the center of the sward were placed the musicians with the torchlights. The full May moon had just risen and threw its rays aslant down the vista with its dark clumps of shrubbery and moving bouquets of fresh cheeked and white robed girlhood. Fill in this gentle spectacle with soft music and with that subtile touch of romance with moonlight and throngs of pretty girls awaken, and the picture was complete in its charms. Two or three men only were present last night and they looked like cold and lonely fir trees in a forest of honeysuckle bloom. Today most of the girl graduates, the reunion program filled out, have gone to their homes. But it will be strange if, over and above any memories of scenes like last night's, they do not bear away a wondering sense of the splendid accomplishment of that grand lady, the mother mistress of the school—she who must see now, as she has never seen before, the climax and fruition of her long life labor with hand and brain. To how few among us, man or woman, has it been given to carry through such a task as hers; to train so effectively ladyhood and womanhood to mate with manhood, to infuse into so many her own strong character and genius, to find in all parts of a great country men and women who bear grateful tribute to her earnest and aspiring toil, and,

finally, having served her generation so well, to taste the fruits of her noble labor while she is still doing it.

Some Who Were There

Farmington, May 29.

Among the many who have been present at the reunion of Miss Porter's old scholars have been Mrs. Walter Cary, Miss Maria Love, Mrs. Theodore Thomas, Mrs. H. R. Coffin, Miss Lillie Merriam, Miss S. De Lancey Van Rensselaer, Miss Mary E. Root, Mrs. H. Humphrey Neill, Mrs. Strong Vincent, Mrs. George A. Lyon, Miss Alice B. Eldridge, Miss Isabella Eldridge, Miss Alice Cogswell, Mrs. George M. Smith, Fannie W. Bucklin, Florence D. Cheney, Mary B. Cheney, Helen C. Wright, Mrs. F. L. Walker, Alice Roy, Mrs. O. W. Clary, Mrs. Henrietta Chap in Seelye, Ida M. Southworth, Miss Brinsmade, Miss G. Miller of New Haven; Marian Hillard, Mrs. W. C. Gulliver, Miss M. B. Trevitt, Miss Martha Porter of New Haven, Miss Rebecca Porter of New Haven; Miss Mary Bristol of New Haven; Mrs. Edward Dana of New Haven; Mrs. Choate, Mrs. Theodore Vaill, Mrs. Anna Churchill, Mrs. Kirkham, Miss Merriman of Waterbury; Mrs. Castle of Waterbury; Mrs. Hill of Waterbury; Mrs. Burrill, the Misses Buckley, Mrs. Sanger, Miss Buckingham, Mrs. Hinsdale, Miss Knight, Miss Sawyer, Mrs. Chapin, Miss Adam, Miss Dunning, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Crane, Miss Susan Daggett, Miss Mary Daggett, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Travers and Miss Lily Perkins.

THE STUDIO

THE STUDIO AT MISS PORTER'S SCHOOL

In compliance with especial request no detailed account of the reception at Miss Porter's school yesterday is printed. About 200 ladies, formerly pupils in the school, were present. The studio building, their gift to Miss Porter as an expression of their regard to her, is ready for use, and they came by her invitation. The pupils of every year, from 1850 to 1885 were represented, and there was great pleasure in the meeting of old friends in the familiar and loved place of their school life. Occasional music was furnished by Dillers orchestra of New York. Most of the guests will remain during a part of today and this afternoon the orchestra will give a concert.

The studio was built by subscriptions of former pupils, made in answer to a circular sent out by one of them, who differed from the others only in being fortunate enough to first hit on this mode of giving expression to the feeling they had in common. The circular proposed the erection of such a building and said that about $5,000 would be needed. Subscriptions came at once in very widely differing numbers that showed how kindly the idea was received. They amounted in the end to $6,000, in place of $5,000. The building stands on the hill east of the school and somewhat nearer to it than the old studio building. It is simple and attractive, harmonious in tone, and well placed towards the rear of a considerable enclosure, mostly open lawn, but with a few large trees in front and at the side. The lower part is of rough brown stone with brick at the angles. The upper story is of wood and there

is a steep shingled roof broken by gables. The two tones of red used on the side and roof harmonize well with the color of the stone. The Swiss chalet is the motive of the building and it has as one of its most attractive details, a recessed balcony—if that is the right term—which is cut in above the entrance, and is as pleasant to sit in as it is attractive to the view. A plaster cast and two large palms make its decorations. There is a charming irregularity and unexpectedness about such a building, although its ground plan is a regular parallelogram that offers no suggestion of anything not right-angled and straight up and down. Within the lower floor is given to music rooms for practice and instruction. They are perfectly plain. Upstairs there is one large studio room with a good north light and plenty of casts, models and finished and unfinished sketches in colors and in black and white. A smaller room, used in the same way, takes up the rest of the space. The large room is treated so as to retain the advantages of the irregular roof, and here as well as in the outside work there is much wood in its natural color, and some stained to make effective contrasts. It is convenient in arrangement besides being attractive, and proves to be well suited to its purpose. It was built by Watson H. Bliss of this city.

*A CARD FROM MISS PORTER

The Ethics of Journalism Under Discussion

To the Editor of The Courant:

I offer you my thanks that, in your notice, last week of the studio building erected by my pupils you so far complied with my request as to give no detailed report of the reception of ladies at my house, and I am grateful to two or three other papers that entirely respected my wishes in not carrying out their arrangements to send here a reporter. In another quarter my known wishes have been grossly disregarded, and I desire to protest against the invasion of my rights. The meeting was to be entirely social, and we desired the familiar freedom and confidence that would be impossible if we should know that there were "a chiel amang us takin' notes," or suspect that the eavesdropper were lurking near the door. When you advised me that we could escape the risk of such a report, as we might greatly dislike, only by authorizing some unobjectionable account, I could not but consider this as in some sort levying blackmail. Not many years ago no journal would have wished or have dared to report any gathering not professedly open to the public, but sentiment has been so rapidly debased that the reporter pries into the most sacred scenes of domestic and social life and helps to desecrate them to occasions of mere ostentation. I know that the press is the mouthpiece of the public, but the tone of the press greatly forms the sentiment of this public. Many reluctantly submit to

*A bit of Miss Porter's writing. It has already been published. Was sent by her to the Courant.

THE FIREPLACE

the intrusion out of fear of very false reports but not the less the degrading influence works, and unless this practice is checked, the heartiness and simplicity of society will be more and more eaten out of tyranny of the idlest curiosity be established over us all. Those who, in coming years, are to be teachers of young girls, will find it far less easy than I have found it, to cherish the finest instincts and to develop, the truthfulness and noble simplicity which belong to good womanhood. All these, I am sure, will be in accord with my views, and in their name I protest against the practice of reporting the incidents of private life and urge its suppression.

SARAH PORTER.

Farmington, June 1, 1885.

Sarah Porter Memorial

Erected in 1902 by Miss Porter's pupils

Sarah Porter Centenary
Memorial Endowment Fund
August 16th 1813 August 16th 1913

MISS PORTER'S CENTENARY
AUGUST 16, 1913

"The true value of every memorial is the educating service which it renders to the people among whom it is set up; its abiding worth lies in the commemoration of the qualities of character of the person in whose honor it is erected."

On August 16th, 1913, the Centenary of Miss Porter's birth will have been reached. It is proposed that some suitable memorial mark this important date, and perpetuate our love for Miss Porter through the perfecting of the plan begun by Miss Porter herself in 1896. At that time she formulated her wish through a circular letter "that a piece of land opposite the Elm Tree Inn be secured for a park," not only to beautify that prominent location at the entrance of the village, but also to prevent the objectionable occupancy of a corner of the property by a building wherein intoxicants were sold.

With the aid of many of her old pupils, this plan, for which she made the first and only appeal of her life, was accomplished, and for its maintenance a bequest of $1,000 was made in her will.

Inasmuch as the Farmington Lodge Society and the Memorial Parish House bear witness to the enduring helpfulness of Miss Porter, it seems peculiarly fitting that the centenary memorial should find expression in the beautiful, manifesting in its increasing attractiveness our loyalty and affection. Nothing could be more acceptable to Miss Porter than a memorial that benefits the entire community, for which she had such deep interest and af-

fection, and in the midst of which her inspiring life was spent.

The successful fulfillment of this wish of Miss Porter's will depend upon the loyal hearts and generous help of every Farmington girl.

It is also suggested that a date early in October, 1913, be set aside as a date of reunion.

This occasion will be an opportunity for a renewal of old ties and friendships; also for a brief, appropriate service to be held in the Memorial Parish House, already sacred ground to every one of us. This reunion and tribute to her memory would not only commemorate the Centenary Birthday of Miss Porter, but be an expression likewise of our love and loyalty to her and her great spirit still with us, we believe, in the hearts and lives of all Farmington Girls.

It may be the last opportunity, on the part of some of us who came under Miss Porter's personal influence, unitedly to express our devotion to her memory.

As there will be no further appeal, it is hoped that a prompt and generous response will be made, and that between $40,000 and $50,000 may be raised by many small subscriptions as well as large ones; that it may be a memorial in which every one of us has had some share.

THE SARAH PORTER CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

Mrs. Thomas N. Atherton, 36 W. River St., Wilkes-barre.

Mrs. D. N. Barney, Farmington.

Miss Christine W. Biddle, 1618 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, Prairie Ave., Chicago.

Miss C. J. Blake, 128 W. Fifty-ninth St., New York.
Miss Mary Bulkeley, 424 Asylum Ave., Hartford.
Mrs. Charles H. Butler, 1535 I St., Washington.
Miss Isabel Chalfant, 308 E. North Ave., Pittsburgh.
Miss Cunningham, 109 E. Thirty-sixth St., N. Y.
Mrs. W. J. Curtis, 259 Culver Rd., Rochester.
Mrs. Wm. J. Dean, 415 Summit Ave., St. Paul.
Mrs. Andrew F. Derr, 55 N. River St., Wilkesbarre.
Mrs. Charles Eels, 3515 Pierce St., San Francisco.
Mrs. Abby Farwell Ferry, Lake Forest, Ill.
Miss Helen Forrest, 1045 Asylum Ave., Hartford.
Mrs. James R. Garfield, West Mentor, Ohio.
Mrs. George A. Garretson, 3716 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
Mrs. Julius Gay, Farmington.
Mrs. John C. Glenny, 20 Grammercy Park, New York.
Mrs. Jesse Hoyt, 13 Park Ave., New York.
Miss Maud Hoyt, The Brighton, Washington.
Miss A. B. Jennings, 48 Park Ave., New York.
Mrs. Charles H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania.
Mrs. Charles Nagel, Washington.
Mrs. Samuel Parkman, 30 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.
Miss Maria Porter, Farmington.
Miss T. Pope, Farmington.
Mrs. Wm. W. Scranton, Scranton, Penn.
Mrs. Edward Strong, E. Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.
Mrs. Howard Sturgis, 177 Hope St., Providence.
Mrs. J. Bonsall Taylor, 154 Angel St., Providence.
Mrs. Bayard Thayer, 261 Clarendon St., Boston.
Mrs. W. L. Van Sinderen, 133 Henry St., Brooklyn.
Mrs. George G. Williams, Farmington, Chairman.

It is impossible to state definitely how many Farmington girls there are living, but through inquiries and looking into the lists of the different Farmington societies there have been collected fifteen hundred addresses, but safe to say there are many more than that. There are a goodly number of octegenarians, now among us.

STREET IN FARMINGTON

APPENDIX

MISS PORTER'S FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS

A Representative Group of Them

Jane Addams
James Rowland Angell, President of Yale College
Clifford W. Barnes
Charles Benedict
Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)
William Gillette
Major General A. W. Greely

A FEW OF MISS PORTER'S FRIENDS & ADMIRERS

In my announcement I explained the plan in compiling this symposium, which is a tribute to Miss Porter, as well.

Expressing the sentiments of a group of her admirers seemed an appropriate way to bring before the readers the place Miss Porter held in the estimation of all those who are familiar with her attainments, either by personal knowledge or by reputation.

We are known by the company we keep. All Farmington girls are selections Miss Porter herself has made; therefore they, and their relatives and friends, represent those Miss Porter considered worthy companions and so became the exponents of her standards of social life. As we can say little or nothing about Miss Porter, we can say all we like about her circle of friends, that is, as far as they themselves permit it. This is our excuse or reason rather for drawing upon some incidents and persons who are more or less in touch with Miss Porter and her school.

It seemed best to get men from New England to give their opinions; at first, it was difficult to secure any testimonials because the answer came back from my request, "I never met Miss Porter and therefore do not feel I can give you what you desire."

At last I wrote to Dr. Angell of Yale College and he suggested that I give him some idea of what I wanted. I wrote a paragraph, under a hundred words, to the effect that Miss Porter had exerted such an influence as to have been an element of real progress in her educational methods or words to that effect. Dr. Angell paraphrased my simple tribute and signed it and sent it to me. I used his version, on the page following, which I sent to others who readily signed it. It is a great satisfaction to think the tribute is in the language of the great educator who is one of the successors of Miss Porter's brother.

To explain further, the names are in alphabetical order. All those living have signed their names to the paragraph which occupies the page, preceding the pictures of Miss Porter's admirers.

Seven names have been selected and I have taken those of New England mostly, two being from the west, Dr. Barnes and Jane Addams.

In most cases the signers have added interesting personal tribute which adds greatly to the charm of the symposium.

A. F. F.

JANE ADDAMS

JANE ADDAMS OF HULL HOUSE
800 South Halsted Street, Chicago

My dear Mrs. Ferry:

Two of our most useful and distinguished Hull House residents were educated at Farmington and were devoted to Miss Porter. Dr. Alice Hamilton, who is at present a professor of Industrial Medicine at the Harvard Medical School, and her sister Norah Hamilton, an artist, who, after several years' study abroad founded the Hull House Art School, which has been one of our most successful undertakings. Through the two Hamiltons and others I have learned to have a great admiration for Miss Porter and her methods.

Congratulating you upon your book, I am,

Faithfully yours,
Jane Addams.

May 30, 1931.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

A LETTER FROM DR. ANGELL TO MRS. FERRY.

My dear Mrs. Ferry:

I am enclosing a slight modification of the statement which you suggested and I shall be very happy to have you use it as may seem to you wise.

Yours very truly,
President Angell.

I am happy to be numbered among those who wish to do honor to Miss Sarah Porter, whose School at Farmington, Connecticut, has for eighty-six years stood for the finest things in the education of young girls. Though there may be few now living who knew Miss Porter personally, her influence is, and will long be, a vital factor for good. Character such as hers is eminently deserving of grateful recognition.

The introductory sentence of the report of President Angell for Yale's academic year 1929-1930 reads: "Amid the varied currents which have been flowing throughout Yale in recent years, none is more significant than that which has brought with it the rediscovery of personality as a basic and indispensable element in education."

This is in the same region of thought as Socrates' "The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is a delusion inasmuch as knowledge, properly so-called, is unattainable and as a snare, in so far as the pursuit of it draws us away from the study of conduct."

This seems a good place to touch upon Miss Porter's method about which there has been so much discussion.

Miss Porter's familiarity with the Greek philosophers undoubtedly brought this idea to her from time to time as she read Greek in the original in the early morning hours. This idea of personality in education became a cult with her and manifested itself in various ways; in the banishment of standards; of a mental unit to be reckoned with, in measuring the attainments of the scholar.

The Farmington spirit became unconsciously The Greek spirit.

It seemed appropriate to introduce this quasi-explanation of the method of Miss Porter, because the great educator at the head of Yale College has originated something tangible as an experiment along these lines, the Quadrangle Plan. President Angell explains, "Now we are proposing, in the administration of the Quadrangle Plan, to accord to the individual student opportunities for interesting and stimulating companionship with members of the teaching staff, such as has not before been possible.

All who have been to Farmington must see that Miss Porter had these ideas in mind in the administration of her school.

DR. CLIFFORD W. BARNES

DR. CLIFFORD W. BARNES

Originator of The Sunday Evening Club

Dr. Barnes has applied to religious education what educators are endeavoring to apply to all kinds of education, personal contact. He carried out successfully a plan to interest young men Sunday Evenings by providing a place for them to go. For this reason his name will be honored more and more as time goes on, and other cities follow the illustrious example he has set.

With the cooperation of others he secured Orchestra Hall where the Thomas Orchestra played under its distinguished leader Theodore Thomas. Here the Sunday Evening Club meets every Sunday evening and a bible lesson is prepared by Dr. Barnes for the first half hour after which is an elaborate musical program rendered by a fine chorus; the main feature is an address by some distinguished preacher. Dr. Barnes personal acquaintance with these religious leaders all over the world enables him to have every Sunday evening a real treat for his young men. In this way they are brought in touch with some of the best minds as well as hearts. This is in no way denominational as religious leaders of every section and denomination are called upon, and they never fail to praise the clever instigator of this method of getting at the minds and hearts of a goodly number of young men.

Dr. Barnes sent his daughter to Farmington and so endorsed Miss Porter's method for young ladies. His daughter is a worker in the Y. W. C. A. proving once again that Miss Porter's girls engage in some constructive work for the good of the world.

CHARLES BENEDICT

CHARLES BENEDICT

Manufacturer of Waterbury, Conn.

The late Mr. Benedict expressed himself as in favor of Miss Porter's girls, by saying he would like to adopt the entire number of eighty pupils in the school. He sent all his daughters there and when Nellie was married to the New Haven doctor the wedding party was largely made up of Farmington girls. The wedding is described in Mrs. Meserole's letter elsewhere in the book. The wedding will long be remembered by those who took part in it.

Mr. Benedict was a typical New England gentleman, a genial host, and royal entertainer. Both he and his wife, not only dispensed hospitality in a most charming manner, but they were foremost in the activities of the church. I never shall forget one seemingly unimportant incident illustrating Mrs. Benedict's tactful thoughtfulness. One day, at dinner, the wife of the minister was present. Mrs. Benedict noticed she took no meat as it was passed and at once said to the maid. "Tell the cook to broil the steak as Mrs. Smith should have it," turning to her guest she said, "I know how you want your steak cooked without any butter." The steak came in as ordered and the happy guest said, "Your cook knows just how to cook it." Her friend had some sort of digestive trouble and it had to be reckoned with in the menu of this considerate hostess. This is a small matter, perhaps, but to quote Michael Angelo, "Trifles make perfection."

Consideration for others, is one of the cults of New England manners as any one observes who sojourns in that part of the country long.

MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN IS A CALLER AT FARMINGTON

Another incident: I was in Hartford two or three days as a guest of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell. I have held the rank of Honorary Uncle to his children for a quarter of a century, and I went out with him in the trolley-car to visit one of my nieces, who is at Miss Porter's famous school in Farmington. The distance is eight or nine miles. On the way, talking, I illustrated something with an anecdote. This is the anecdote:

TELEPATHY AGAIN

Two and one-half years ago I and the family arrived at Milan on our way to Rome, and stopped at the Continental. After dinner I went below and took a seat in the stone-paved court, where the customary lemon-trees stand in the customary tubs, and said to myself, "Now *this* is comfort, comfort and repose, and nobody to disturb it; I do not know anybody in Milan."

Then a young gentleman stepped up and shook hands, which damaged my theory. He said, in substance:

"You won't remember me, Mr. Clemens, but I remember you very well. I was a cadet at West Point when you and Rev. Joseph H. Twichell came there some years ago and talked to us on a Hundredth Night. I am a lieutenant in the regular army now, and my name is H. I am in Europe all alone, for a modest little tour; my regiment is in Arizona."

We became friendly and sociable, and in the course of the talk he told me of an adventure which had befallen him—about to this effect:

"I was at Bellagio, stopping at the big hotel there, and ten days ago I lost my letter of credit. I did not know what in the world to do. I was a stranger; I knew no one in Europe; I hadn't a penny in my pocket; I couldn't even send a telegram to London to get my lost letter replaced; my hotel bill was a week old, and the presentation of it imminent—so imminent that it could happen at any moment now. I was so frightened that my wits seemed to leave me. I tramped and tramped, back and forth, like a crazy person. If anybody approached me I hurried away, for no matter what a person looked like, I took him for the head waiter with the bill.

"I was at last in such a desperate state that I was ready to do any wild thing that promised even the shadow of help, and this is the insane thing that I did. I saw a family lunching at a small table on the veranda, and recognized their nationality—Americans—father, mother, and several young daughters—young, tastefully dressed, and pretty—the rule with our people. I went straight there in my civilian costume, named my name, said I was a lieutenant in the army, and told my story and asked for help.

"What do you suppose the gentleman did? But you would not guess in twenty years. He took out a handful of gold coin and told me to help myself—freely. That is what he did."

The next morning the lieutenant told me his new letter of credit had arrived in the night, so we strolled to Cook's to draw money to pay back the benefactor with. We got it and then went strolling through the great arcade. Presently he said, "Yonder they are; come and be introduced." I was introduced to the parents and the young ladies; then we separated and I never saw him or them any more.

"Here we are at Farmington," said Twichell, interrupting.

We left the trolley car and tramped through the mud a hundred yards or so to the school, talking about the time we and Warner walked out there years ago, and the pleasant time we had.

We had a visit with my niece in the parlor, then started for the trolley again. Outside the house we encountered a double rank of twenty or thirty of Miss Porter's young ladies arriving from a walk, and we stood aside, ostensibly to let them have room to file past, but really to look at them. Presently one of them stepped out of the rank and said:

"You don't know me, Mr. Twichell, but I know your daughter, and that gives me the privilege of shaking hands with you."

Then she put out her hand to me, and said:

"And I wish to shake hands with you, too, Mr. Clemens. You don't remember me, but you were introduced to me in the arcade in Milan two years and a half ago by Lieutenant H."

What had put that story into my head after all that stretch of time? Was it the proximity of that young girl, or was it merely an odd accident?

(We have permission to use this story).

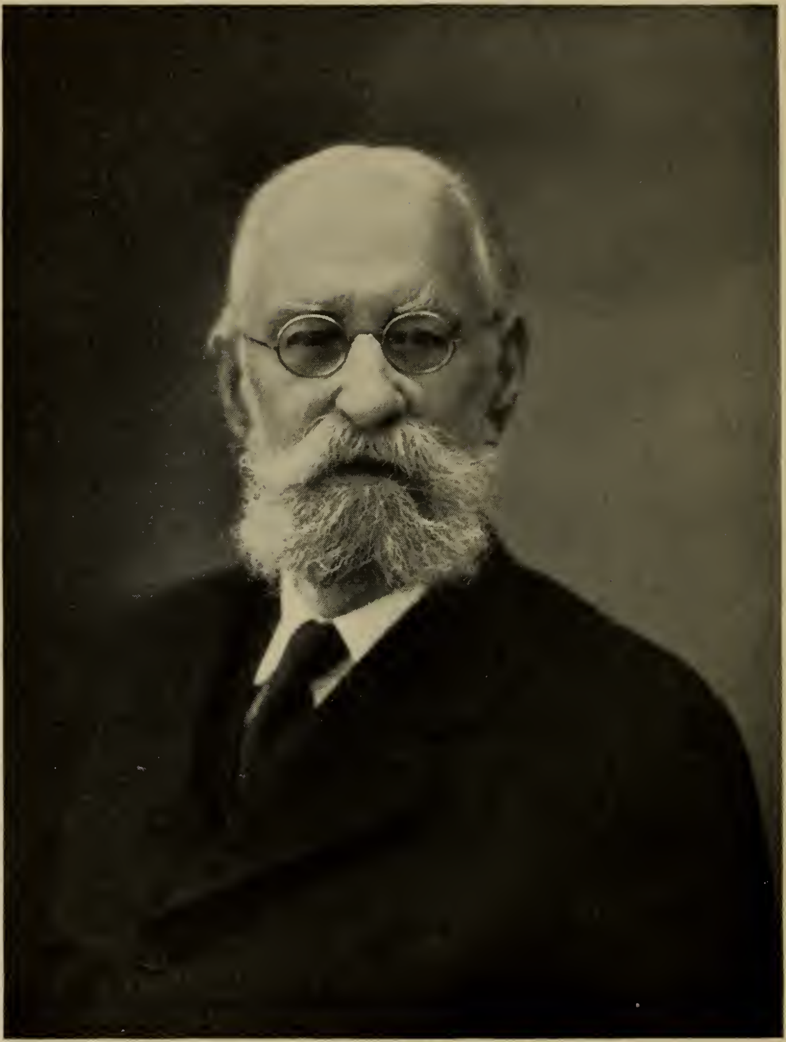
MAJOR—GENERAL A. W. GREELY

The Explorer

Gen. Greely as a New Englander and as a Washingtonian is capable of giving an opinion of the character and attributes of his fellow country-woman. His family were welcome in every circle in Washington and entertained in the most informal and charming manner the members of the diplomatic corps as well as the old circle of Washington's most cultured people Although they did not have the means to entertain lavishly their receptions were always well attended by the best of all classes in the capitol. I was frequently a house guest at the Greely's when the congress of the D. A. R. was in session. One day a reception at the Greely home was in full swing and I was introduced to Mrs. Redfield (wife of the Secretary of Interior). The name electrified me, I exclaimed, "Are you related to Abby and Mary Redfield." She answered "I married their brother and Mary is in the car waiting for me." I started to rush down stairs to see her, but was detained as that was not practical. So I never saw Mary again. The Farmington spirit is so strong that you are always eager to renew the friendships made in that delightful place.

The Greely's always seemed like the people of Miss Porter's ideals that I was tempted to call in the General to make up my list.

A word about these ideals. The Greely's were not among those who could spend money freely, but entertained like royalty itself, if only you were asked to partake of the usual meal. The house—1914 G. St., was an old old Washington house of a past era. A high flight of steps leading up to it and long flights going to the different floors. I had a room on the third floor and I found a card of my predecessor on a drawer; it read, "Miss Anna Dawes, daughter of Secretary Dawes." Everyone came to see the Greely's although the carpets were worn and the furniture not of the latest design. I watched the representatives of the different sets coming in: Mrs. Mac Veagh and the rest of the cabinet ladies including Mrs. Redfield before mentioned. Mrs. Greely was a great favorite with all the President's wives, and the cabinet ladies. She was fond of wearing a beautiful diamond brooch which Mrs. Cleveland had given her. It was a revealing sight to witness her ready answers and remarks to each of her guests having a marvellous memory she could enter into the last interesting event of each one and asked appropriate questions on every subject. I went to a reception one day with Mrs. Greely to the President's, I think, and on the way she said, "I do feel sorry for Robert (the coachman) as he must be humiliated to drive up with such an antiquated rig in line with all these elegant coaches (before the days of automobiles). She never felt a particle of this humiliation herself and



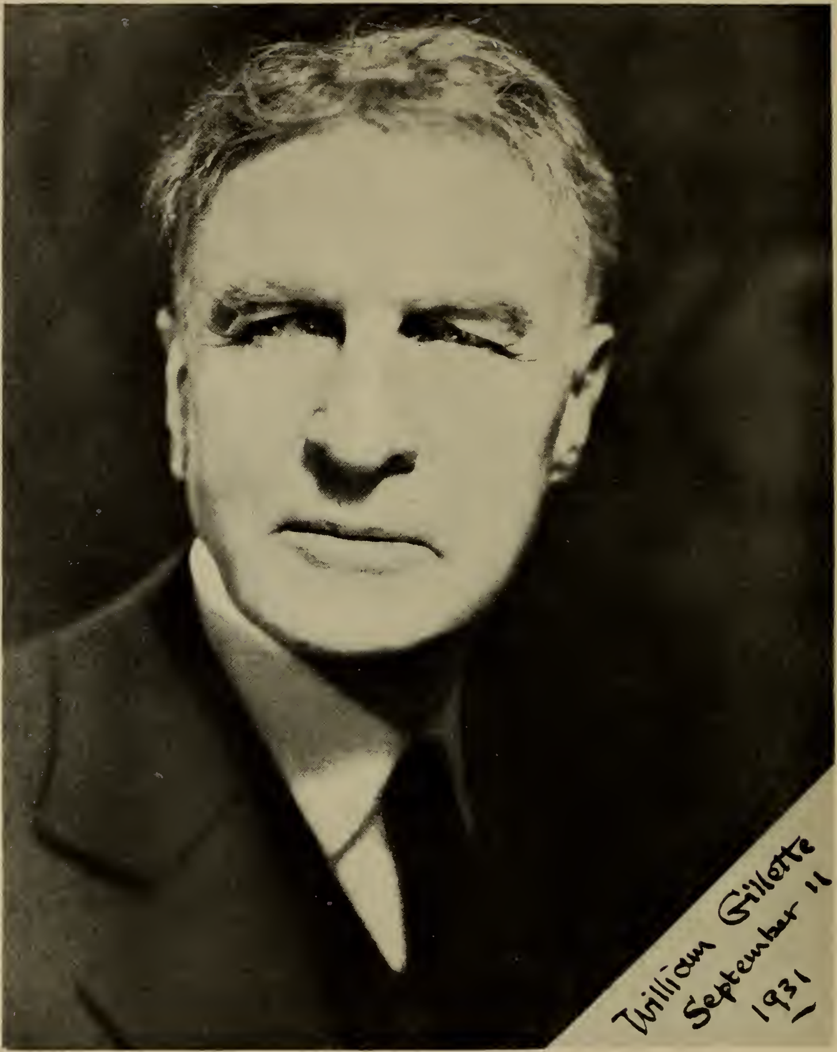
MAJ. GEN. A. W. GREELEY

yet she felt sorry for the old colored man, who did. I thought, "If this isn't plain living and high thinking I do not know what is."

I noticed how every one made way for this real gentlewoman, and showed her a special deference. Perhaps what I learned at Miss Porter's taught me to recognize the real thing when I came in contact with it.

General Greely was promoted to the rank of Major General on account of his brave act in conducting a rescue party for a group of Arctic Explorers who had been lost for some time. He did it at the risk of the lives of his men and himself. His wife waited anxiously in San Diego for his return there and knew just how long the provisions would last. It was a severe strain for all interested, but all came home safe at last.

He is one of the directors of The Geographical Society of Washington and was at one time its President.



WILLIAM GILLETTE

WILLIAM GILLETTE

SEVENTH SISTER — HADLYME CONNECTICUT

While I cannot speak of Miss Sarah Porter as one who had the great privilege of knowing her personally, I hope this will not exclude me from the list of those who are allowed to do her honor through the medium of Mrs. Ferry's book. It was my good fortune to be near at hand during the latter part of her long life, devoted in its entirety to the finest possible education of young girls, and I well knew of her unfailing devotion to all that was best in this work.

William Gillette.

SEVENTH SISTER — HADLYME CONNECTICUT

Aug. 12, 1931.

Dear Mrs. Ferry:

I am sending along this "paraphase" in my own hand—as you request. Do you think it will do?—

I must thank you for arranging things so that I could be represented—and for your very charming letter.

Sincerely,
William Gillette.

Here is a bit of *comedy* for an ending—my feeling is that it may detract from the seriousness of the first paragraph. But you will be better able to judge of that than I.

Should you wish to use it, it can be cut off and pasted to the other sheet—after cutting off my name from that. Better to *cut it off* as it is likely to show through anything pasted over it. W. G.

The one and only slightly doubtful thing I ever heard of her doing, was the rule or understanding which she allowed to exist, that whenever I played an engagement in the theatre at Hartford the girls were permitted to come over and attend. But this little slip should not prevail against her.

William Gillette.

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FACSIMILIE OF GILLETTE LETTER

SEVENTH SISTER

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ALFRED ELY BEACH

A FARMINGTON FATHER

Alfred Ely Beach

Alfred Ely Beach was the father of Jenny Holbrook Beach, my roommate and life-long friend, who was at Farmington in 1866. Mr. Beach was such a remarkable man that he has been selected as one of the Farmington fathers. He was a patent solicitor, inventor, and when the Scientific American was a small, insignificant sheet, put in $500.00, together with Orson D. Munn who added another $500.00, and bought it out.

I spent several vacations at "Jenny's" in their attractive home in New York at 69 Union Place. This was an old-fashioned house, set way back from the road. A lawn and flower beds between. I did not realize until long afterwards what a privilege it was to visit in such a home.

One Sunday morning Mr. Beach called out to me, "Come here, Abby, and see how I go to church." I stepped into the living room where he was reclining on a couch holding a queer tube to his ear. "How do you go to church,' I wonderingly echoed. "Here, put this to your ear," which I did and heard a human voice distinctly say, "Let us pray." It was the voice of Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beach had run wires across to Brooklyn to the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher's church, and so he was equal to Edison in installing a telephone in a private house. This was in 1870. You can imagine what an interesting house this was to visit. We were entertained often by some new invention that never got any farther than Alfred E. Beach's house. He had a procession once, each one in the family carrying a new device of a candle which folded up, light and all. The greatest surprise, however, in this line came one morning when Mr. Beach said casually, "Don't you want to take a ride in my new car?" We were all on the qui vive to know what in the world he meant, as we followed him out of the door,—Mrs. Beach, Fred, his son, and Jenny and I, and out of the gate and down the street along Broadway until we came to a sort of small entrance at the side of the street. We followed him through the door and then down a flight of narrow steps under Broadway. What on earth is going to happen, thought I, Surprise after surprise! At the foot of these steps was a street car underground. We followed him into the car when, presto, we sat on nice, newly varnished seats, and when we were all inside the doors at the ends were carefully shut and again, presto, we moved along under ground by means of a pneumatic tube to the next block when the car stopped and our journey was over, as the road went no further, but had been built as an experiment by Mr. Beach to show that a subway was possible. Like many a genius, Alfred Beach was doomed to disappointment; the city council, who took a journey in the car, decided that an overhead line was

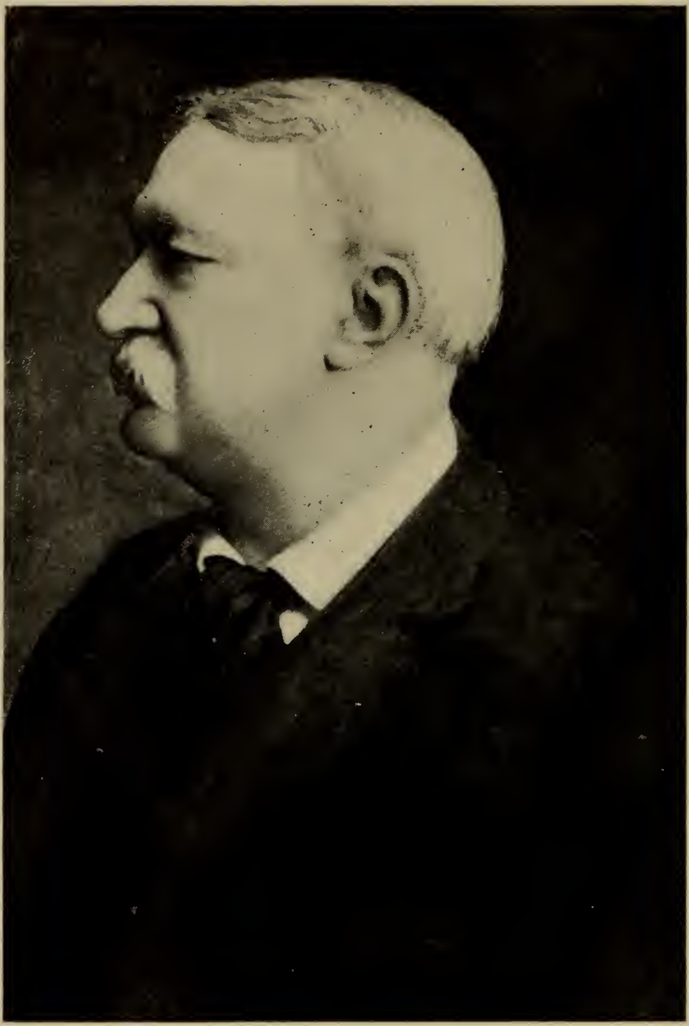
MARSHALL FIELD

more practical than an underground one, and the Vanderbilt contingent voted the subway down, and soon afterward the elevated went up. In connection with his first subway car to pierce the earth Mr. Beach invented a shield by means of which the earth could be scientifically removed. The shield consisted of a network of squares, each square being four knife blades of enormous size, so that on being pushed by steam the earth was poured forth through these squares to be shoveled away at once. All subways are bored with the Beach invention. Only a few weeks ago did my eyes light upon this paragraph,—"In 1912 excavators, working in Broadway, broke through into a musty tunnel where there was a passenger car, rusted and rotted. They found there a hidden chamber that had thrilled New York in the late 70s. It was part of an experimental subway by Alfred Ely Beach." How it thrilled me, now in the early thirties, to think I was a passenger on that very car.

MARSHALL FIELD
A Farmington Brother

If any one had a good brother it was Laura Field. At the time Laura was at Farmington in 1867, he was of the firm of Farwell Field and Co., the oldest Dry Goods firm in Chicago. The Daughter of one partner, Abby Farwell, and the sister of another, were schoolmates. Laura was a great favorite of her brother and she was often at his home in Chicago. She was married there and her wedding was the social event of the winter. Mr. Field's home on Prairie Avenue, was especially adapted for a large and fashionable wedding. Laura was an inmate of her brother's home in Chicago, until her marriage to Mr. Henry Dibblee, then she was one of our social leaders from that time on. Her charming home and loved family are a part of Chicago life. The loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dibblee from our circle was a great one.

Marshall Field, the great Captain of Industry, left his mark upon Chicago. Marshall Field's, the greatest Dry Goods emporium in the world with its marvellously equipped departments is one of the show places of Chicago. The Field Museum, his bequest to Chicago is accumulating valuable specimens from year to year that arrest the attention of the world.



THEODORE THOMAS

SOME CALLERS—BEAUX & LOVERS OF FARMINGTON GIRLS

THEODORE THOMAS

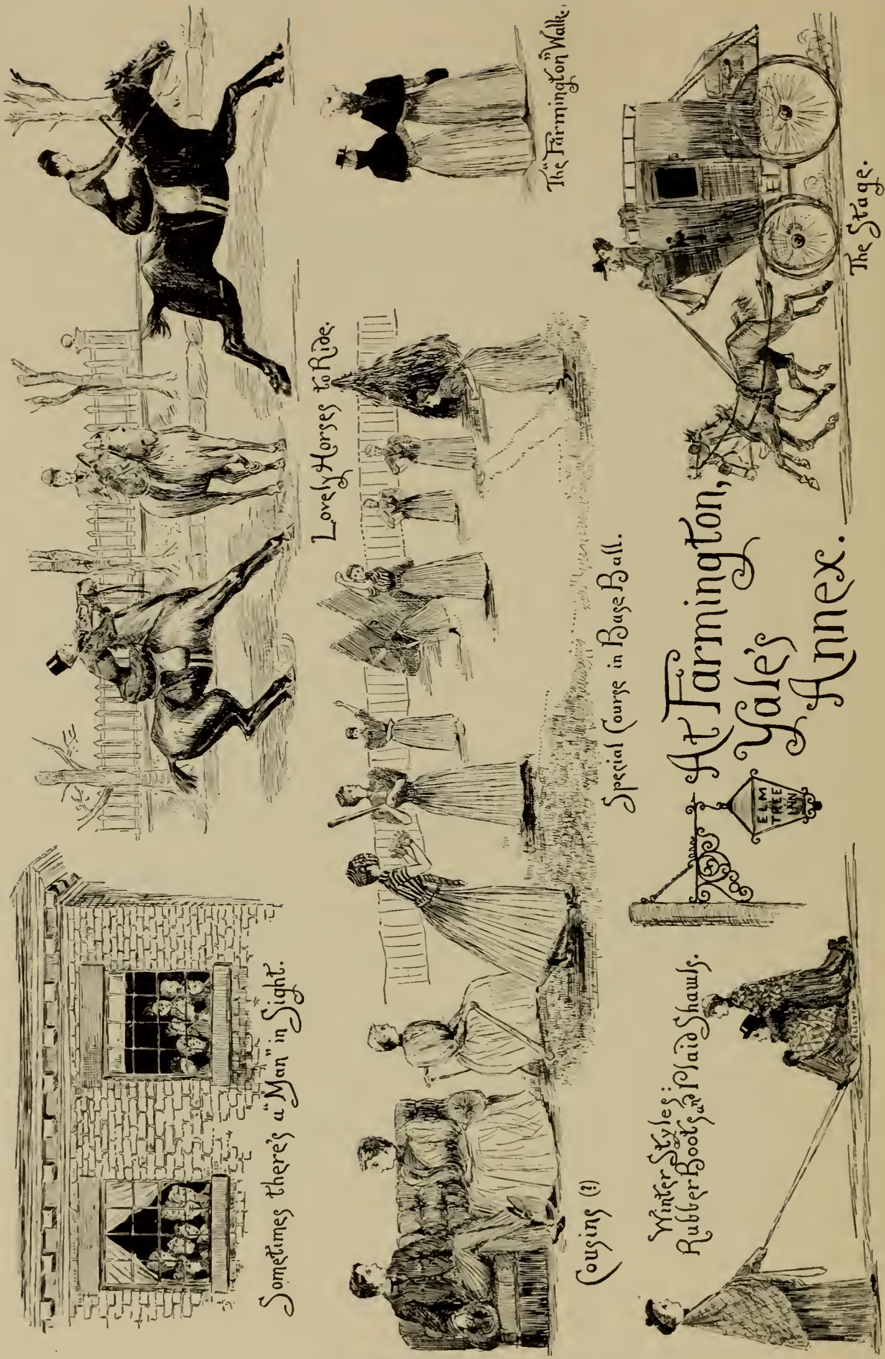
Mrs. Horatio King tells elsewhere of the courtship of Theodore Thomas. (Girls of the fifties). Minna Rhodes was the name of the young lady.

Theodore Thomas is mentioned by several others in their stories. He was a prominent personage in the Farmington of the last century. His picture (an oil painting) hangs in the studio a little way from the school proper.

The great violinist married a Chicago lady many years after the death of his first wife. During his various sojourns in Chicago he was thrown with that talented family who were distinguished musicians. Miss Fay studied under the great masters of Europe, Lizst being the principal one, and her brother and sister, Rose, all lived on the North Side, where Theodore Thomas found time to go and relax between his concerts. He married Rose Fay, who was a devoted wife and companion, absorbed in his interests and musical life. She was broken hearted, as were many of us, when the name of The Thomas Orchestra was changed to The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and tried in vain to have the name restored.

As I was on committees in the Literary Club with Mrs. Thomas, I knew her quite well, and I want to tell something she told me about the children of Theodore Thomas's first wife, which was that they were very nice children and had been brought up very well. A tribute from a second wife to the first and one being worthy of record.

Having heard Theodore Thomas in my school days at Farmington it was a special treat to sit among the Orchestra Hall audiences to hear his orchestra under his magnificent leadership. Many of the Farmington girls probably think the same.



AT THE FARMINGTON YALE'S ANNEX
A Cartoon

HOWARD VAN DOREN SHAW

There are those who have passed from earth who seem to be with us still; we can never speak of them with mournful accents and the mention of their names cannot drive the happy looks from our faces. Such an one was Howard Shaw, who added to the happiness of the moment wherever he happened to be, and whoever he happened to be with.

When Mrs. Shaw tossed over to me a long roll of cardboard saying "Perhaps you can use this." I little dreamed what was in store for us. I unrolled it and there was a collection of pictures forming a large cartoon, illustrating Farmington life among the girls. It has been reduced in size for our book as you see. It might be labelled, "High Lights of Farmington Memories." It illustrates nearly all the stories of the Farmington girls, even the Base Ball Club. We give Mrs. Shaw a vote of thanks for this delightful addition to the illustrations.

Mrs. Shaw had no picture of Mr. Shaw to give us, but his cartoon being a part of himself will serve to show what a gay and happy spirit he always carried with him and has left behind him.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The Farmington Son-in-law

John T. McCutcheon married the daughter of Howard Van Doren and Frances Wells Shaw and became unanimously the Farmington Son-in-law and automatically a Farmington lover.

I find that Mr. McCutcheon automatically qualifies for almost anything and it has been a matter of deep thought and rare judgment to place him where he belongs.

To begin with he is an artist and we will touch upon that first.

Newspaper clippings will be helpful here:

"As the dean of Chicago cartoonists, plaudits unmistakingly go to the timely presentations in the Chicago Tribune of the erudite and popular John T. McCutcheon, explorer, author, and adventurer about whom everyone knows."

"Our Jawn McCutcheon gets the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Notre Dame. Congratulations to both parties. Usually artistic and literary genius in America has to go abroad to get medals and degrees and things. But, look—here is a college right here at home that has found out that a man right here at home has done a lot to make people happy and to inspire them by his drawings well, well, well. Will wonders never cease!"

Mr. McCutcheon is the most beloved of all Cartoonists, because with all his perspicacity, insight, clearness and directness, there is never a trace of malice; neither his wit nor humor ever drops into satire.

Now please stop a moment while I tell you more about Mr. and Mrs. John T. McCutcheon. They not only travelled for themselves alone but in the most friendly and neighborly way tell tales of their explorations for the benefit of our modest little woman's club of Lake Forest.

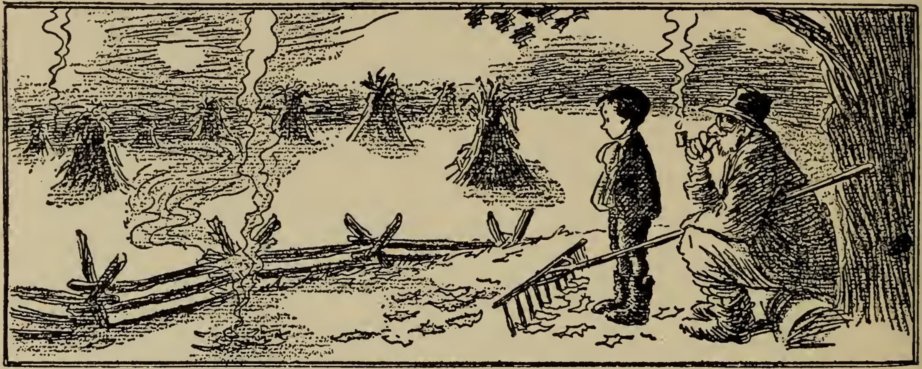
After their journey is over our adorable John and ditto wife bring their camera and their wads of paper and first he holds forth explaining and describing and narrating to the click of the machine and lo and behold! we are also travellers with them, for after a while Mrs. John takes the word and follows on in his footsteps. But maybe we do not appreciate it at all; the artless way in which their messages are delivered, so intensely realistic. We commune (before the lecture is over) with bears, elephants, which they too have shot, mind you in African or Indian jungles, I forget which. Once they gave us an account of their Island home in the Carribean sea. Lovers have often thought and spoken with their dear ones of love on a desert island, but we never heard of a really truly married couple doing it in real life. That is what makes it so interesting. The master of this island goes on to tell us just where this island is and the house upon it and then he takes

INJUN SUMMER

[Copyright: 1912: By John T. McCutcheon. Reprinted here by general request.]

Yep, sonny, this is sure enough Injun summer. Don't know what that is, I reckon, do you.

Well, that's when all the homesick Injuns come back to play. You know, a long time ago, long afore yer granddaddy was born even, there used to be heaps of Injuns around here—thousands—millions, I reckon, far as that's concerned. Reg'lar sure 'nough Injuns—none o yer cigar store Injuns, not much. They wuz all around here—right here where you're standin'. Don't be skeered—hain't none around here now, leastways no live ones. They been gone this many a year. They all went away and died, so they ain't no more left.



But every year, 'long about now, they all come back, leastways their sperrits do. They're here now. You can see 'em off across the fields. Look real hard. See that kind o' hazy, misty look out yonder? Well, them's Injuns—Injun sperrits marchin' along an' dancin' in the sunlight. That's what makes that kind o' haze that's everywhere—it's jest the sperrits of the Injuns all come back. They're all around us now. See off yonder; see them tepees? They kind o' look like corn shocks from here, but them's Injun tents, sure as you're a foot high. See 'em now? Sure, I knowed you could. Smell that smoky sort o' smell in the air? That's the campfires a-burnin' and their pipes a goin'. Lots o' people say it's just leaves burnin', but it ain't. It's the campfires, an' th' Injuns are hoppin' 'round 'em t' beat the old Harry.

You jest come out here tonight when the moon is hangin over the hill off yonder an' the harvest fields is all swimmin' in th' moonlight, an' you can see the Injuns and the tepees jest as plain as kin be. You can, eh? I knowed you would after a little while.

Jever notice how the leaves turn red 'bout this time o' year? That's jest another sign o' redskins. That's when an old Injun sperrit gits tired dancin' an' goes up an' squats on a leaf t' rest. Why, I kin hear 'em rustlin' an' whisperin' an' creepin' round among the leaves all the time; an' ever' once 'n a while a leaf gives way under some fat old Injun ghost and comes floatin' down to the ground. See—here's one now. See how red it is? That's the war paint rubbed off'n an Injun ghost, sure's you're born.

Purty soon all the Injuns'll go marchin' away agin, back to the happy huntin' ground, but next year you'll see 'em troopin' back—th' sky jest hazy with 'em and their campfires smolderin' away jest like they are now.

us into the house. He shows us the living room and casually points to the wicker furniture saying, "You see, it is very simply furnished." I do not know why that impressed me so much, but it did. I strayed off into wondering if he thought we would criticize him if it were furnished with the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, or had he ordered furniture like that in Versaille, what would we have thought anyway. Why nothing at all, we would have given him credit of having very original ideas, that's all, and would have praised his ingenuity, wouldn't we? Nothing that our John could do, would inspire retroactive criticism.

Injun Summer

The famous cartoons of Injun Summer, which Mr. McCutcheon kindly allowed us to use in this book, when first published, created a genuine sensation and every year there were requests sent to The Chicago Tribune to have it reprinted as the autumn days rolled around; finally it was a rule with the Tribune to publish it annually. It seemed so appropriate for a Farmington picture in our book that a request was made to use it.

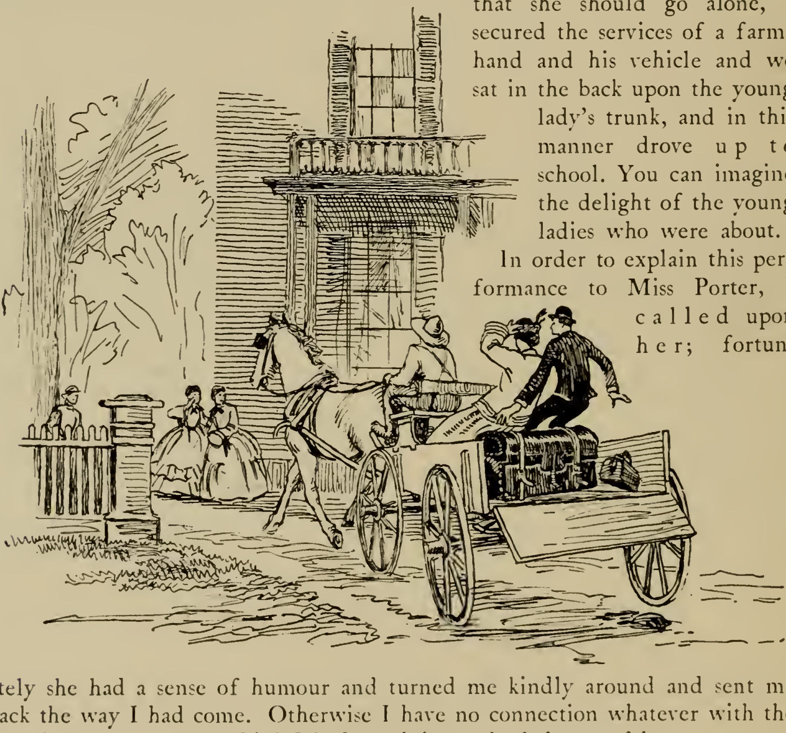
THE KNIGHT-ERRANT OF FARMINGTON AND HOW HE WON HIS SPURS

I wrote to an old friend, asking him to give some incident he knew about Farmington. He wrote in answer the following letter, which explains the picture. As he did not want his name known I gave him the disguising nom de plume of Marvyn Smith. A. F. F.

My dear Mrs. Ferry:

Of course, I have no objection whatever to your use of my photograph for your proposed book though I do not see how you are going to work it in the story of the Farmington School; which reminds me of my only association with it. I accompanied a New Haven young lady, at the end of her vacation, on the train as far as the station of Farmington, where I had promised to leave her, as she did not care to have me seen coming up to the school with her; but when we arrived at the station we found that the lowlands between that and the school were covered with water; and being unwilling that she should go alone, I secured the services of a farm-hand and his vehicle and we sat in the back upon the young lady's trunk, and in this manner drove up to school. You can imagine the delight of the young ladies who were about.

In order to explain this performance to Miss Porter, I called upon her; fortun-



ately she had a sense of humour and turned me kindly around and sent me back the way I had come. Otherwise I have no connection whatever with the Farmington school and think I had much better be left out of it.

Signed

Marvyn Smith (fictitious.)

APPENDIX

FARMINGTON

Farmington, Farmington
Swiftly there the hours run
Thee I love, Thee I love, ever other spot above
There my heart will turn forever
Be the friendships broken never
That so blithely were begun
In Farmington, dear old town
Farmington, dear old town
Farmington, Farmington
Sweetest place the sun shines on.

Happy days, bygone days
Run thee hangs a golden haze
Memories sweet of a street
Where the arching elm boughs meet
Stealing like the scent of flowers
Comes to me the tranquil hours
With a magic all its own
Farmington, dear old town
Farmington, dear old town
Farmington, Farmington
Sweetest place the sun shines on.

THE OLD GIRL TO THE NEW GIRL

I

O gather round ye romping maids
To you now we will sing
The trials of the poor old girl
Who once ruled everything
She walked the street with stately tread
All trembled at her frown
But now the new girl rules the place
She now runs all the town

CHORUS:
If you ask for information
Or desire an explanation
Find the all-pervading new girl
She'll respond to every call
She will ask you to the germans
She will preach you lengthy sermons
She will run the conversation
For she knows it all.

WHEN I WAS AT FARMINGTON

II

In days of long ago
The old girl ruled supreme
She'd ask a new girl to her room
Who with delight would beam
But now when she makes that request
She finds to her surprise
The new girl never comes at all
And in despair she cries—

III

If I try to do a favor
All the time my heart doth quaver
For I know the new girl's thinking
That I have a lot of gall
For although I am no crusher
New girls spurn me for a rusher
They will ruin my reputation
For they know it all.

THE BOARD WALK

As I walk along the Farmington walk
With an independent air
The new girls all declare
"There goes an Old Girl over there"
You should hear them sigh and hope to die
As off the board walk they do fly
The Old Girl reigns supreme in
Farmington.

TUNE: "The Old Oaken Bucket"

Farmington, Farmington, School of our Mothers!
We love thy traditions and publish thy fame.
And memories dear shall be with us always.
Our cares and our pleasures since first we came.

CHORUS:
The friendships begun in dear Farmington
Shall last us forever til' time, it shall cease.
Farmington, Farmington, school of our Mothers
May all those who follow, defend Thy Name!

TUNE: "Annie Laurie"

Altho' years will pass by quickly
When we've gone from Farmington,
And our school days will be over
With their merriment and fun.
Tho the years be dull and sad
Tho the years be gay and bright,
We'll always think longing
Of the yellow and the white.

When we leave our youth behind us
When we feel the cares of life,
Through our troubles and our sorrows
Through our pleasures and our strife.
Tho life be sad for some
For others bright and gay
The memories of our school days
Will never pass away.

TUNE: "Maryland, My Maryland"

We, the school of Farmington
Are standing here tonight
Bound in friendships strong and true
Naught our ties can sever.
Bound by our work thru out the year,
Bound by the traditions we've kept here
Bound by the place we hold so dear
To Farmington, forever.

Come school-mates let us raise a song
To Alma Mater, Farmington,
For her children of the past
A great and honored fame have won.
May we, too, loyal children be
And in our hearts, true love for them.
May thy fame live eternally
Our Alma Mater, Farmington.

WHEN I WAS AT FARMINGTON

TUNE: "Yankee Doodle"

Sing a song of Farmington
That famous little town
Noted for Miss Porter's school
A school of great renown.
CHORUS:
Farmington, of thee we sing
May thy standards ever ring.
May thy praises never perish
School we love and cherish.

And may we after we have left
Do justice to it always,
And ever keep before our minds
The best of all our school days.
CHORUS:

It has stood for many a year,
May it be ended never.
Though girls may come and girls may go
May it go on forever.
CHORUS:

TUNE: "Russian Song"

DAISY CHAIN SONG

Farmington, we raise our voices
Praising thee in love tonight,
Our dear school whose name rejoices
All our hearts in deep delight.

REFRAIN:
Here we march to plant the ivy
Daisy chain we're proud to bear.
May the girls who follow after
Keep our honor bright and fair.

As we march our thoughts go stealing
To the happy hours now passed,
Friendships true with tears we're sealing
Through our lives they'll ever last.

Old time customs, old time duties
In this form we give to you.
Take the flowers in their pure beauty
From the "old girls to the new."

FARMINGTON SONG
JEAN BAPTISTE

Oh Jean Baptiste Pourquois,
Oh. Jean Baptiste, Pourquois
Oh, Jean Baptiste, Pourquois you Griz
Your Leetle dog's nose wiz tar?

I griz hees nose wiz tar, begar
I griz his nose wiz tar, begar,
I griz hees nose wiz tar begar,
Because he had one grand catarrh.

Oh Jean Baptiste C'est bien
Oh, Jean Baptiste C'est bien
Oh Jean Baptiste C'est bien
You griz your leetle dog's nose wiz tar.

THE BIBLE QUOTATION

The Peshita

The strange row of letters beneath Miss Porter's name is a quotation from the original manuscript of the New Testament written in the language Christ, himself, spoke.

This immense volume was brought to our house by a Persian, who escaped from his country, where he was persecuted by the vicious Kurds. He came to this country and began to solicit relief for his countrymen. He told us blood-curdling stories of the pursuit of the Kurds and the suffering of his people. His name was Yonan, a minister of the gospel. He is now in this country and comes to see us now and then. Once he came with a suitcase containing his remarkable New Testament, larger than any bible I ever saw. He told us its history, as follows:

"Modern scholarship owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to the Nestorian church for the writing and preserving of this old version of the New Testament."

"The word Peshita is a Syriac word, meaning simple, clear or plain. Christ spoke and delivered all his discourses in the Aramaic, or everyday language of Palestine, later called the Syriac, and he spoke it in the simplest form so that the common people could understand him. Thus, the Peshita expresses exactly the language of Christ, and justly deserves the honor of being called The Queen of all versions."

"The Peshita was written in fragmentary form in the second and third centuries, but it was completed in the fourth century. The material used was parchment, or

deerskin, and it was written with reed pens and a practically indestructible ink made by the copyists themselves. Only twenty-two books of the New Testament are included. Five books, (Second Peter; Second and Third John; Jude, and Revelation), which the original church called the Antilogomina, are the ones excluded. The New Testament canon, in its present form, was not completed until the fifth century, whereas the Pershita was made and accepted by the Syriac speaking Christians of the Near East before the present canon of twenty-seven books."

"There are comparatively few copies of this famous old version in existence. This is because, first: they were made by slow and painstaking hand labor and there were too few trustworthy scholars among the Syriac speaking people in those early days to supply the demands of the growing churches. Second: through the invasion of the Mohammedans during the early spread of Islam, the books were ferociously destroyed by the fanatic Arabs. This has been the tragedy of history. The Nestorian churches in the Near East were swept and overwhelmed, and the first blow was against church edifices and sacred books."

"Whenever a persecution began the Christians, being so zealous about their sacred books, usually hid them in caves and recesses of the mountains, lest they should fall into the hands of the destroyers. During the persecutions many of those who hid the books were killed and no one knew the hiding places. Thus, from year to year the number of the sacred manuscripts decreased."

"This copy, which has been in my possession many years, was found about seventy years ago in a cave in the Kurdistan mountains about seventy miles from the an-

cient city of Ninevah. Two Christians, of the Nestorian faith, having heard of the cave made a venture to do some research work in the dark recesses of the mountains. There this copy of the Peshita (together with some manuscripts of ritual of the Nestorian church) was found, hidden for ages in the cave. From dampness the original cover of heavy wood had decayed and some of the pages were hopelessly blurred, but the rest was intact. The book was rebound and put into its present shape. Isaac M. Yonan."

I asked Mr. Yonan to let me have a copy of the verse under Miss Porter's picture, which I thought a fitting place for it. A. F. F.

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